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Greatest Circulation in the World

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Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians



A Funeral Procession Crossing the Nile, With the Mourners and the Family on the Boat Carrying the Mummy. While a Priest "Purifies" the Journey from the Preceding Boat. From the "Tomb of Two Sculptors," Thebes, About 3000 B. C.

Curious and Interesting Customs Revealed by Remarkable Tomb Paintings

6—What They Believed About the World Beyond the Grave.

ABOUT the time that social conditions which merited the name of civilization had developed along the Nile—and that was, roughly, 6000 years ago—the Egyptians had worked out a cheerful, comfortable religion. They had a childlike faith in the goodness of their gods and goddesses, and while there were a few offenses, like robbing tombs, which could not be forgiven, these unforgivable offenses were few. And as for the rest of one's errors, the deities were broadminded. This ancient people who began civilization held a cheerful view of death and the life beyond the grave.

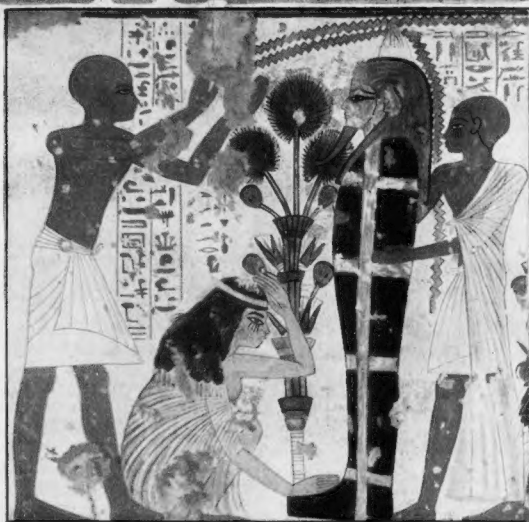
There the dead man or woman or child lived on another earth much the same as that, it had left, but with some important differences. In this other world there was always plenty to eat and drink, and none of the often uncomfortable complications of life on earth. For example, no sickness, family quarrels, taxes and the like.

They had a childlike faith in the goodness of their gods and goddesses, and while there were a few offenses, like robbing tombs, which could not be forgiven, these unforgivable offenses were few. And as for the rest of one's errors, the deities were broadminded. This ancient people who began civilization held a cheerful view of death and the life beyond the grave.

Later on that conception was to change. Fear crept in. The priests made the most of it, and used it to tighten their hold on the minds of the people. The road to the World Beyond became beset by demons. Only strong magic could overcome them and let the soul pass safely. The kindly gods and goddesses began to have a sinister aspect. And, after all, how did one know that conditions in that other world were like those in this? Perhaps there was neither food nor drink. Perhaps the paintings of food and drink on the walls of the tomb could not be changed into realities by the magic of the Ka, or spiritual double. Maybe there was no calm, flowing river there like Father Nile, no sunlit, pleasant fields, no singing brooks.

What really was the world beyond the grave? Only the priests knew. They alone could give the passports to enter it. At any rate, whatever it was, one continued to be one's self. Pay the priests their price, therefore.

In the beginning, and for many hundred years the early Egyptians enjoyed what was probably the happiest faith man ever conceived. It had its Trinity—the God



Priests instructing the Dead Man What to Do on His Journey to the Land of the Dead. While His Widow Mourns at His Feet. From the "Tomb of Two Sculptors."

Osiris, his wife Isis and their Divine Child Horus. There were many other deities, but these three, and especially Osiris, had most to do with the Land of the Dead.

There are some who find it difficult to understand the theosophists' idea of a material body, an "astral" body within it, and in addition a soul. This would not have worried the ancient Egyptian a particle. He thought of himself as a whole bundle of sticks. An inscription which has come down in a broken state from about 3000 B. C. invokes the aid of Osiris for the subject of the text. It mentions his self (Ka), his spirit (Yakh), his dead body (Khat), his shadow (Khallu). The missing part probably mentioned also his soul (Ba), his name (Ren), his mummy (Saha), his inner man (Ib) and his "power" (Sekhem). To make sure he had missed nothing else he added the word "Khepura," which meant all his "other forms of being."

Nevertheless, they did not think that one "went to pieces" after death. It is difficult to understand how

they could believe a man could disintegrate into so many different parts and at the same time believe he retained all his individuality. Yet they did so believe.

An often repeated tomb inscription makes this plain. It runs:

"Thou livest again after death, (Continued on Page 2)"

Osiris, the God of the Dead, from a Wall Painting in the "Tomb of Two Sculptors."

(Illustrations Reproduced from the Robt de Peyser Tytus Memorial Series by Permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)



Housekeeping In The African Jungle

THE African savage, with the breadfruit tree hanging over his simple hut, old bananas by the side of his house, and no furnace fire to look after, is supposed to live the "simple life." But the housewife of the jungle has as busy a time of it as the most industrious of her sex, civilized or uncivilized.

Cooking is, however, only one of the multiple duties of the African "lady of the house," who seldom finds time hanging heavy on her hands from sunrise until long after sunset. Like the squaws of the American Indians, she does the heavy work of house-making while her spouse hunts, makes war or rests from his undomestic activities.

There is no delicatessen store around the corner and she cannot feed her husband and her family by a few simple twists of a can opener. Unless her husband or one of the neighbors happens to shoot an arrow or drive a spear into some animal, there is no meat for dinner and she has to plan and prepare a vegetarian meal.

When it is time to plant the community grain fields, the jungle wife has to do her bit plowing the ground and sowing the seed. And at harvest time she goes into the fields and puts in long hours cutting the grain and threshing it. This done, she is expected to help store the grain in crude community granaries, where it will be safe from the weather, animals and insects. Explorers who have watched all these non-housekeeping

A Food Storehouse for the Jungle Community. It Is Made of Sun-baked Mud, and Protects Grain and Other Staples From the Inroads of Insects, Principally Termites.



operations say that the men of the tribe do not exert themselves unduly to lift some of the burdens from the shoulders of their wives. Grinding the grain into flour is another job which the women do by tribal tradition, and making flour is no easy job when the kernels of grain



The African Housewives Preparing a Meal. Everybody Has Something to Say About What Shall Go Into the Dinner.

have to be pulverized by crushing them between heavy stones.

Even when the men bring in an elephant, a rhinoceros, or some other beast of the jungle, the women have to turn to and help skin the animal and cut it into the African equivalent of steaks and chops.

Civilized women who may envy the domestic life of wives who live next to nature and have no problems with the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker would soon rebel against the numerous back-breaking duties of the

jungle matrons, who even have to help build the houses they live in.

It is a common sight among the tribes of Africa to see the women of a village cutting grass and saplings, weaving reeds for wall material and tying bundles of dried grass together to fashion the thatch roofs which cover the primitive dwellings.

Then there are the usual maternal duties of African wives. Of course they do not have to do much sewing for their youngsters, or bother themselves with the making of complicated feeding formulae—but they are about as busy as mothers in other parts of

African husbands admire in their wives. They do, of course, like them to be pretty according to jungle standards, but more than beauty they admire strength and the ability to work hard and steadily. A strong wife is a good wife in Africa, and a weakling has little social standing in the tribe—unless she happens to be the wife or the daughter of a chief, which excuses her from the arduous round of domestic activity.

In many parts of Africa the women are regarded as physical equals of the men—except in hunting or in war—



Grain Has to Be Powdered Into Flour, and This Is Always Left to the Women to Do, With the Help of a Smooth Stone and a Crude Earthen Bowl.

and they are shown no deference because they happen to be members of the so-called fair sex.

It is not uncommon for explorers and scientists making expeditions on the Dark Continent to use as many women as men in their crews of native carriers. A stout African bella can walk all day with a hundred-pound load on her head—and does not object to turning her salary over to her husband.

About the only time that a jungle wife gets a chance to enjoy herself is during tribal celebrations, and even then she has to do most of the work in preparing the bountiful feasts that mark these rites.

Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians—What They Believed About the World Beyond the Grave

(Continued from Front Page)

thy soul does not forsake thy body, thou becomest that which thou wast. All thy members regain their powers—thy heart is really thine, thy heart of aforetime. Thou art as thou wast made in thy prime."

A certain Amenemhab is depicted as returning from the world beyond and going out in the sunlight, "amusing himself in his garden, cooling himself under his trees, working in the open air among his flowers, drinking pleasant draughts from his ponds, smelling the lotus blooms, culling the buds." He visits the haunts of men, takes pride in his well-planned tomb, and when he is tired he goes back to rest in his burial chamber in the presence of the kindly god of the dead.

But many centuries later, approaching the time of Egypt's final conquest by Alexander the Great, this confident faith in salvation and happy life hereafter became shaken. The tomb-pictures change. Scenes of earthly life grow rare on the walls. The food, the feasting, the pleasures disappear. There is a note of hopelessness in the inscriptions.

"I have heard all that has happened to the ancestors. Their walls fall down; their place is no more. They are as though they never had been."

The earlier belief in a better world has been replaced by another woven by theology and fear. Protection from floods can only be assured by magic and ritual. The tomb walls are covered with pictures of worship or of ritual, excerpts from religious texts, and pictures of gods and demons. Only occasionally does a scene of rural life in the old fields of the Nile, or a wayside repast on the way thither refresh the eyes with human touch. The priests have at last succeeded in banishing faith in divine good will toward man, and rule mercilessly by terror.

The implicit belief in resurrection of the body explains the expensive and complicated custom of mummification. It was, obviously, a prime necessity that the body be preserved perfectly so that it might arise at the appointed time, as it had been while alive. Everyone could not, of course, afford the elaborate process used on the bodies of Pharaohs, nobles or the sacred bulls and ibises. But something could be done in the way of preservation for almost everyone.

The process of mummification required from sixty to

eighty days, and as the number of deaths which took place in a populous city like Thebes averaged from fifteen to twenty a day, room had to be provided for handling twelve to fifteen hundred bodies at a time. Each body required the service of not less than half a dozen workmen to wash it, cut it open, soak it, dry it, and apply the usual bandages before placing the amulets, or charms upon the canonically prescribed places, using the stated prayers.

On the breast, immediately below the neck, was fastened a stone or green porcelain scarab, which was to prevent the heart—"his heart which came to him from his mother, his heart from the time he was upon the earth," as the texts read—from rising up and witnessing against the dead man when he stood before the god Osiris.

Then finally the funeral proper took place, with hired women mourners tearing their hair, filling the air with lamentations, and simulating the depths of despair. The relatives joined in the wailing, crying: "To the West, the dwelling of Osiris! To the West, the dwelling of Osiris! To the West, thou who wast the best of men, and who always hastened to aid." And the hired weepers answered in chorus: "Thou goest to the West, and the gods themselves lament."

The funeral procession started in the morning from the house of mourning, walking slowly towards the Nile, amid the clamor of the mourners. First came those who carried cakes and flowers in their hands, followed by others bearing jars filled with lotus, and bottles of liquors, and phials of perfume; then some carrying

Helena Shelds, the Young Russian Dancer, Who Is Now Thrilling German Audiences With Her Exotic Numbers.

painting boxes intended for the provisions of the dead.

The next group carried the usual furniture required by the deceased to set up housekeeping, coffers for linen, folding and arm chairs, beds of state and sometimes in the cases of princes and nobles, a fully caparisoned chariot with bows and arrows.

A still larger group followed, bearing the intimate effects of the mummy: the vessels for the libations, the mask for the dead man, colored half in gold and half in blue, arms, necklaces, scarabs, chains and the human-headed papyrus-bow, the emblem of the soul. Many of these objects were of wood plaited with gold and others were of solid gold. Offerings came next, followed by a noisy company of female weavers; then a slave, sprinkling milk upon the ground as if to lay the dust, then a priest dressed only in a panther skin, who sprinkled the crowd with perfumed water. Behind him came the hearse.

This was made in the form of a boat—representing the bark of Osiris, with his art, and two guardians, a Goddesses Isis and Nephthys—placed upon a sledges drawn by two oxen and a relay of slaves and a wand. The ox-driver, goading his beasts, cried out: "West, ye even who draw the hearse, to the West! Your master commands you!" And the friends repeated: "To the West, the excellent man lives."

no longer who loved truth so dearly and hated lying!"

Transferred to boats, the mummy and the corpse finally reached the tomb, and as they crossed the Nile the mourners cried: "In peace, in peace, to the West! O honorable one, go in peace! If it please the gods when the day of eternity shall shine, we shall see thee, for behold thou goest to the land which mingles all men together!" Friends or slaves bore the body to the door of the tomb, and then the mummy was placed in an upright position on a heap of sand, with its back to the wall facing the company, like the master of a new house who turns to take leave of his friends. A sacrifice was made and a wailing. The mourners cast themselves to the earth wailing: "Lamentation, lamentation! Make lamentation without ceasing as long as can be made!"

And the priest chanted prayers, while he poured out a libation and burned incense.

This was the signal for departure. The mummy was placed in the tomb, there to wait its resurrection.

Almost all that is known of these beliefs of the ancient Egyptians came from the study of wall-paintings in their tombs. In a remarkable series of books dealing with these paintings, published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and named "The Tomb of the Two Sculptors," are reproductions of funeral scenes which were painted on the walls of a tomb at Thebes, more than 3,000 years ago. The tomb is called "The Tomb of Two Sculptors," because its occupants were of that profession.

One of these pictures, copied in its original colors from the tomb by H. R. Hogwood, shows the mummy being carried over the Nile to the Necropolis at Thebes and is reproduced on the preceding page by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The family and the hired mourners seem to be sitting on the outer case of the mummy, while the smaller box containing it is on the front of the boat. In the stern of the preceding boat is a priest burning incense and "purifying the way."

Another painting from the same tomb, copied by Nina de Garis Davies, shows priests giving "instructions" to the mummy before it begins its journey to the tomb. The dead man's wife is crouching at its feet.

Still another is a painting of Osiris, the God of the Dead, from the same tomb and copied by H. R. Hogwood. Osiris holds in one hand his whip for punishment, and in the other the shepherd's crook with which he drew to him the "saved" souls.

The End.

Weird Indian Dances—By a Russian A Letter 6000 Years Old

MANICURES FOR PIGS.

These Little Animals Were Groomed for a Race at Hermosa Beach, California, With Dozens of Others, by Being Taken to a Beauty Shop, Bathed, Combed and Then Submitted to a Manicure. Who Put a High Polish on Their Pink Hoofs. Pig Racing Is One of the Most Popular Sports at the Beach.



BERLIN theatregoers are flocking to the playhouse where Helena Shelds, a Russian girl, is presenting a repertoire of dances—not the spirited dances of the Muscovites, but the languorous, sensuous dances of India.

Helena's father was a Russian consular official in India before the days of the revolution and the girl spent her childhood in Calcutta, where she absorbed the spirit of the country. She admits that, at heart, she is more a Hindu than a Russian.

Being naturally gifted as a dancer, she learned the ancient dances of the country by watching native dancing girls and by practicing the sometimes slow, sometimes violent movements, under the tutelage of some of the ablest native disciples of Terpsichore.

Shelds—as she calls herself on the stage—made a great success in several Paris music halls before she signed a contract to dance in Hamburg, Berlin, and other German cities. The photograph shows her in the costume she wears in her provocative dances. She is a Hindu girl, a snake dancer.

A CYLINDRICAL stone letter, written by King Entemena of Lagash some 6,000 years ago, recently was added to the notable collection of ancient stone inscriptions owned by J. L. Kraft of Chicago.

This is no ordinary letter, because, in characters etched in ancient Sumerian cuneiform script, it tells a hitherto unknown story about the historic friendship between David and Jonathan.

Jonathan was the son of Saul, the King of Israel, and as such was expected to ascend to the throne occupied by his father. But, according to the Bible and other ancient writings, David rose to the throne instead of Jonathan. In spite of this situation, which should have made them arch enemies, David and Jonathan became the warmest of friends and their attachment for one another is frequently cited as an outstanding example of masculine affection.

Scientists who have examined the curious letter believe that it was written about 4000 B. C., and they recognize it for one of the finest existing examples of Sumerian cuneiform writing.



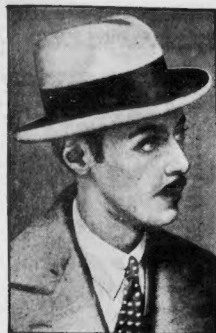
The Stone Letter Written by King Entemena of Lagash, in 4000 B. C.

Tragic Deaths of Multi-Millionaire Mallinson and His Daughter

Surprising Revelations in the New York Courts of How the Silk Magnate Employed His Genius to Build Up Wealth Which Brought Misery to His Beloved Child and Hastened His Own End



Sometime in the Early Morning Hours Lorna Mallinson Boven Leaped From the Mallinson Apartment on the Twelfth Floor of the Big Park Avenue Apartment House, and Was Found Crushed and Lifeless, Clad in Her Nightgown, in the Enclosed Court of the Building.



Eugene A. Boven, Who Is Suing the Mallinsons for \$1,000,000 for Alienation of His Wife's Affections and Troubles Which Resulted in Her Suicide, He Asserts.

"Your wife desires to divorce you," said the lawyer for the multi-millionaire Mallinson family to Eugene A. Boven, the son-in-law who had married the heiress against the wishes of Mr. Mallinson.

"I do not believe it and will not believe it until I hear it from my wife's own lips. I demand that you permit me to see my wife, who is being held under restraint by her parents."

"You shall see her here tomorrow, and she will tell you in her own words," the lawyer replied.

And the next morning Mrs. Lorna Mallinson Boven leaped to her death from the 12th floor of the Mallinson apartment on Park Avenue.

THREE YEARS LATER.

"I have a letter for Mr. Mallinson," said Helen Heidman, a process server for Lawyer Cohen, attorney for Mr. Boven, as she laid a letter paper on the desk of the multi-millionaire silk magnate. It was a notification of a suit for \$1,000,000 brought by the son-in-law against Mr. Mallinson for alienating his wife's affections and causing her suicide.

Mr. Mallinson read the legal document, put his hand to his head, dropped unconscious on the floor of his office in Fifth Avenue and died half an hour later without regaining consciousness.

If these two dramatic episodes had been shown on the stage or in a movie, they would have been accepted as permissible exaggeration—but something, of course, which doesn't happen in real life. And yet those two tragic deaths under those dramatic circumstances happened to one of New York's wealthiest men and his daughter, and the scene of the one tragedy was fashionable Park Avenue and of the other famous Fifth Avenue.

If these tragic episodes had been shown in a stage drama, the title might well have been—"Wealth Does Not Bring Happiness." Indeed, if Mr. Mallinson had been a poor man living in a small apartment in an obscure street instead of a captain of industry living on fashionable Park Avenue, his daughter might have been alive today, a happy wife and mother, and Mallinson himself busy with his small affairs, whatever they might have been, instead of silent in the grave.

The romance that was to bring two tragedies and grief to a widow and a husband began with an elopement in 1926. In Greenwich Village, New York City, was a little restaurant named the "Green Hat," whose proprietor, Eugene A. Boven, a man of 35, was doing very well, according to financial standards in the "Village." Into his restaurant, one night, came a party of eight-seeking Park Avenue society men and women, including Miss Lorna Mal-



Mrs. Eugene A. Boven, Who Was Miss Lorna Mallinson.

lison, heiress of the silk millions of Hiram Royal Mallinson, head of the great Fifth Avenue silk manufacturing concern of that name.

Up to that fateful moment Bowen had been busy and happy, making plenty of money for his simple needs, and Miss Mallinson, living at home in her father's 11-room apartment at 270 Park Avenue, with most of her bills paid and a \$10,000 a year allowance for pin-money, had been happy in the social whirl where she was a prominent figure. It is not surprising that the proprietor of the modest little restaurant was fascinated by the Titian-haired society beauty. The butterfly also became interested in him, perhaps because he was so different from the men she knew or perhaps because she was 26 and overdue to fall in love any day. Besides she was a writer of verses, some of which had been published in magazines, and she may have been drawn by the "artistic atmosphere."

At any rate they fell in love and the misery for all concerned began to develop. The heiress, dropping a hint or two at home about a nice young man who owned a restaurant, received such crushing answers from her parents that she knew better than hope for their consent. Mallinson was a self-made man, who had risen from nothing to great wealth and prominence, but he was not going to have any daughter of his marry below him. His younger daughter, Patricia, had wedded Mr. Young Kaufman, son of Louis G. Kaufman, president of the Chatham

Phoenix National Bank, and Lorna must do at least as well. Not that he was snobbish, but he had seen enough examples to know that people from different ranks of society almost never make happy marriages. It was a fact, and he did not want to hear any argument about it.

He didn't; but the love virus was in the girl's veins and finally she mustered courage enough to elope with hope of the usual forgiveness afterward. The couple made the mistake of eloping to Canada, where they ran into marriage difficulties on account of being foreigners and were forced to come home still single. However, the trip had accomplished its purpose because Mr. Mallinson felt that his daughter had been sort of compromised by the attempt and consented to a big formal wedding at the Mallinson apartment.

Society writers noted that the bride, who always did things in an unusual way, scorned the customary white satin and ancestral lace. Cholly Knickerbocker wrote:

"When she entered the Georgian drawing room of the Mallinson apartment at No. 270 Park Avenue and walked to the flower-banked, improvised altar, Mr. Bowen's bride was resplendent in a gown of beige-colored lace, trimmed with eye-compelling golden lace, and her glorious Titian tresses were crowned with a picture hat of beige-colored stucco, trimmed with a two-toned tan feather."

The Late Hiram R. Mallinson, Magnate of the Silk Industry, Who Rose From Office Boy to a Fortune of Millions.

came, but no costume could have prevented. It was there in the smiling but determined presence of Mr. Mallinson. Everyone assumed, because the two parents were present, that the wedding had been approved, but that was a mistake. Business men who sometimes managed to force the silk magnate to do something he disapproved usually regretted it later, and this was to be no exception. According to Mr. Bowen, his father-in-law began to dictate conditions of their married life from the very start.

In the first place he must get rid of that little restaurant with its preposterous name and get into some line of employment more worthy of the daughter of a Park Avenue multi-millionaire. There was real estate, much more dignified and million making made in it by a bright and ambitious young man. If he was not bright and ambitious he had no right to marry a daughter of his. Mr. Bowen knew nothing of real estate, but he was over-awed, wanted to be worthy of his bride and said he would try it. Selling the Green Hat, for several months he vainly strove to get ahead in a field that he found already crowded with trained specialists.

His bride still had her allowance and two people can live nicely enough on \$10,000 a year. But there was a large

Interior Court and Driveway of the Park Avenue Apartment Where Lorna Mallinson Boven Jumped to Her Death.

silken string to that \$10,000. It had to be spent wholly on the bride's clothes and personal adornment. All other expenses must be met by the husband, and Mr. Mallinson dictated the style in which the pair must live. They had to move into an expensive apartment at 49 Washington Square, and to make it suitable \$8,000 had to be spent on furnishings and improvements.

Before long Bowen saw the end of his financial rope not far ahead and protested at such extravagance. He says his wealthy father-in-law promised to help him when the time came and, seeing that he was not getting anywhere in real estate, got him a job as customer's man in a Wall Street brokerage house, at \$100 a week. This was not half enough for their expensive manner of living and soon the financial pinch began to be felt. The bride was annoyed by creditors, pests that in her father's home had been as foreign to her as the "booties" of the war trenches. Now they were ringing the front door bell and the telephone. The butcher and grocer had to be changed frequently because they shut off credit and servants got behind in their wages. All these things chafed the young husband, made him look cheap in his wife's eyes and constantly called to her mind her father's alleged statements that he was "a failure—just a fortune hunter." Yet he was not getting a cent of her fortune for himself and was being ruined to provide for the heiress. The growing distance came when the landlord forced Bowen into court in a common dispossession suit. When this humiliation had been read by all Mrs. Bowen's wealthy society friends, her father hardly came to the rescue.

When their baby was soon to be born, his father-in-law properly insisted on the services of one of New York's highest-priced specialists and promised to pay his fee. But when the worried husband, warned by previous disappointments, asked his father-in-law to tell the expensive physician so he was refused and at the last moment they had to go in a quite ordinary doctor, who did an ordinary but perfectly successful job.

The only support then came from the one who loved the most children," was said to have been Grandpa Mallinson's comment upon the arrival of his granddaughter, Linda Boven, and the husband's expenses took another jump. As the new demands were hopelessly beyond his \$100 salary, the father-in-law began to help liberally. But how! The young mother and infant daughter had to spend most of their time away from Bowen at the Park Avenue apartment, where every moment Mrs. Bowen was made painfully aware of the difference between her father's station in the world and her husband's.

Finally the strain caused a nervous

break-down and she was sent for a month to Dr. Ford's sanatorium, near Kingston, New York. Bowen insisted that upon her return this chronic separation must stop and his wife and daughter come back to him. He had a little cottage on Long Island ready for the three, but instead of his wife he received the notification from the Mallinson lawyer that there would be a divorce, and Bowen demanded to see her and to hear it from her own lips. He saw her next day, but it was only her lifeless form as they had picked it up before dawn from the court-yard, 12 stories below the Mallinson apartment.

The parents said that she had accidentally fallen from the pantry window. The police recorded that she fell or threw herself. Bowen accepted the accident theory, but had his doubts, and at once arose the problem of his daughter. He wanted her with him, but that, it was reported, would mean disinherence. If, on the other hand, he would let the Mallinsons adopt her, the child would be brought up with every luxury and advantage and some day inherit her share of the silk millions. After a struggle Bowen gave her up. He had now lost everything, wife, daughter, business, savings and happiness. The Mallinsons instead of making their favorite daughter happy had lost her forever.

This was in the Spring of 1928, and after a while the heart-broken husband heard of a little thing that started him thinking angrily. He learned that one of Lorna's slippers had been found beside her foot, the other in the drawing room right where that marriage altar had been placed. To Bowen this meant that all night she had rebelled against her father-in-law. He learned that one of Lorna's slippers had been found beside her foot, the other in the drawing room right where that marriage altar had been placed. To Bowen this meant that all night she had rebelled against her father-in-law. He learned that one of Lorna's slippers had been found beside her foot, the other in the drawing room right where that marriage altar had been placed. To Bowen this meant that all night she had rebelled against her father-in-law.

Bowen began to put two and two together and to investigate. He found that shortly before her death, Lorna's father had sold nearly a quarter-million dollars of her real estate. He was convinced that when the silk magnate forced Lorna, against her wishes, to agree upon divorce, she could not bear the thought and took the shorter route of suicide.

And so, three years later, this Spring he brought suit for \$1,000,000 against both Mr. and Mrs. Mallinson for alienation of their daughter's affections. Probably the steepest fine in the legal profession, it flooded his mind again and he realized that it would all be brought out in court. The great man put his hand to his head with a groan, dropped unconscious and died.

The grief and the anguish of the lawsuit have passed on to his widow who he leaves unhappy in spite of the millions. The Mallinson lawyer says that the suit will be contested bitterly—bitterly is right. Some old proverb to long held true, but "Wealth Does Not Bring Happiness" is as true as it ever was.

"Surgery" on Plaster Casts Restores Beauty of Old Statues



The Original Apollo Head From the Mausoleum in the British Museum, the Nose, Lips and Eyes of Which Have Been Disfigured Like the Face of a Veteran Pugilist.

SOME of the finest examples of sculpture in the history of the world were done by the ancient Greeks, but unfortunately many of the masterpieces of Greek carving which have been preserved are badly mutilated.

Many artists consider it sacrilege to attempt to restore these relics, while they appreciate the value of being able to see and study the sculptures of the old Greeks as they were centuries ago. Several eminent British sculptors have at last devised a way to leave the chipped and broken originals untouched and still restore them to their original beauty. For want of a better name, the process has been called "sculptural surgery."

Wax casts are made of the originals. Then the missing noses, ears and what not

Instead of Profaning the Original by Attempting a Restoration, Sculptors Simply Made a Plaster Cast, and by Careful "Surgery" Brought Out the Face as It Must Have Appeared When the Statue Was Made.

are built on to the casts. This building-on of missing features is done with the aid of other Greek statues which are unbroken, photographs of the unmarred sculptures and an intimate knowledge of anatomy.

The photograph at the upper left-hand corner of the page shows the famous Apollo head in the British Museum as it actually looks. The end of the nose, part of the lips and the tip of the chin have been broken off, so that it is almost impossible to imagine the head as that of a handsome Greek god.

Beside this photograph is another picture. This shows the Apollo head restored with a wax cast of the mutilated original as a basis. The pictures at the right of the page show profiles of the old statue and of its interesting restoration.

All Over the World People Have Wondered Just What the Venus de Milo Was Doing With Her "Missing" Arms. The Diary of the French Navy Officer Who Secured the Statue Says the Left Hand Held an Apple and the Right Hand Supported the Figure's Draperies, and That the Position of the Arms Was as Shown by the Dotted Lines in the Drawing.

It is probable that many other full-size statues, busts and fragments of ancient Greek sculpture now in English museums will be restored by the same ingenious means without changing the appearance of the priceless originals.

Profile of a Plaster Cast Restoration of the Apollo Head, Showing the Grecian Lines of the Nose and Lips.

Many casts will be made of the originals and of the restorations and, if present plans go through, hundreds of these casts will be preserved in a special museum in London, a place where art lovers and art students may go to study the objects.

For many years people have wondered what position the missing arms on the famous statue of the Venus de Milo would take if that masterpiece were accurately restored. Some people believe that the question was answered with the discovery of a diary



The Original Head in Profile, Showing Where the Ravages of Time Have Done Their Work.

said to be that of Dumont d'Urville, the French naval officer who brought the statue to France in 1820. The drawing in the

centre shows the arms as d'Urville says they were when he first looked on the ancient work of art. The object in Venus' left hand is an apple. The arms of the celebrated statue are not "missing" at all—they are carefully preserved in a glass case in the Louvre and can be seen by anyone. They are so badly chipped and broken, however, that there is little likelihood that they ever will be put back on the sculpture. The new method of restoration suggested by the English artists may be



Bathing Girls Staring One of the Popular Pig Races at Hermosa Beach, California.

Porker Sweepstakes New Beach Sport

THE little piggies seen in the photograph above are not going to markets—they're going to run gruntingly over the hard sand at Hermosa Beach, California, in what their fair trainers call the "Porker Sweepstakes."

Pig races have become a popular sport at this watering place, and speedy piglets are as much in demand as greyhounds are among the dog-racing enthusiasts in Florida. The fair owners of the speedsters, who invariably dress in abbreviated one-piece bathing suits, are partly responsible for the enthusiastic crowds which attend the contests.

Pigs cannot, of course, run with the speed of trained dogs, but they are much faster on their feet than the average person would believe. The speediest of human runners would find it impossible to keep up with a youthful hog filled with the will to win.

Not all the races at Hermosa Beach go off according to schedule, because the racers sometimes get out of their lanes and upset each other. But they are learning the knack fast and the cleverest of the porkers leg it straight for the finish line and seem to enjoy competing. These animals are kept in the best of condition and are entered in special races for worthwhile prizes.

Unfortunately the runners do not seem to appreciate when a race is over, and after they pass the finish line they keep on running, sometimes for a mile or more before they are caught. This makes sport for the spectators, who gladly join in with the owners of the animals in rounding up the racers.

Pig racing was started merely as an amusing entertainment, but it is possible that it eventually will be taken seriously and that a series of races meets for valuable prizes will be staged with "sweepstakes" which are both speedy and disciplined. A fleet-footed porker can negotiate a hundred yards in less than 10 seconds and be in a half mile at the moment, however, most of the pig races are staged for distances up to a half mile. At the moment, however, most of the pig races are staged over courses less than a hundred yards long.

Why Speed Flying Isn't Easy

MAKERS of airplanes and instructors at flying schools are telling people that piloting a plane is not the difficult and dangerous job it seems to the earthbound individual. Improvements in the design of planes are making them increasingly "fool-proof," and the trick of handling a plane in the air can be mastered in a few weeks, so the potential flyer is told.

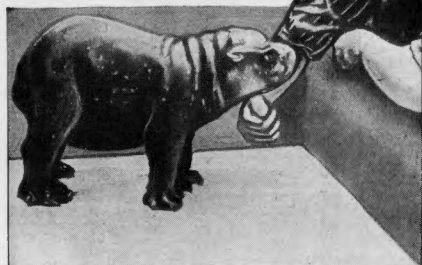
Speed flying, however, is a business not to be recommended for anyone but the most skillful, experienced and daring of birdmen. The novice pilot may, with reasonable safety, drive his plane at a speed of 80, 90 or even 100 miles an hour. But the men who sit at the controls of stream-line ships that roar along at a speed of 200 miles an hour or more have to be past-masters at the game.

In ordinary flying, the pilot has a chance to look up him, to handle his ship partly by what is known as "flying instinct." But at a speed of 200 miles an hour, an aviator must depend al-

most entirely on his instrument board to tell him where he is and how his plane is behaving in its bullet-like flight.

The photograph below should be enough to convince the would-be flyer that speed flying is a game not to be attempted by amateurs. It shows the "landscape" seen by a speed flyer participating in a race, or winging across the continent. It is the elaborately dials "dash board" of the airplane in which Captain Frank Hawks has made several of the existing records for flights across the country and between various points.

Captain Hawks has mastered the trick of reading every one of these dials at a glance and interpreting their readings correctly. He can flash his trained eyes over the confusing array of dials, meters and "gadgets" and tell exactly what is happening to his plane. In fact, he flies his ship from the information he gets from this conglomeration of mechanical advisers. It is almost like "flying blind," which is a job for experts only.



A Keeper Petting the Fourteen-Pound Pigmy Hippopotamus, Which Is the Berlin Zoo's Newest Arrival.

Baby Hippo Weighs Only 14 Pounds

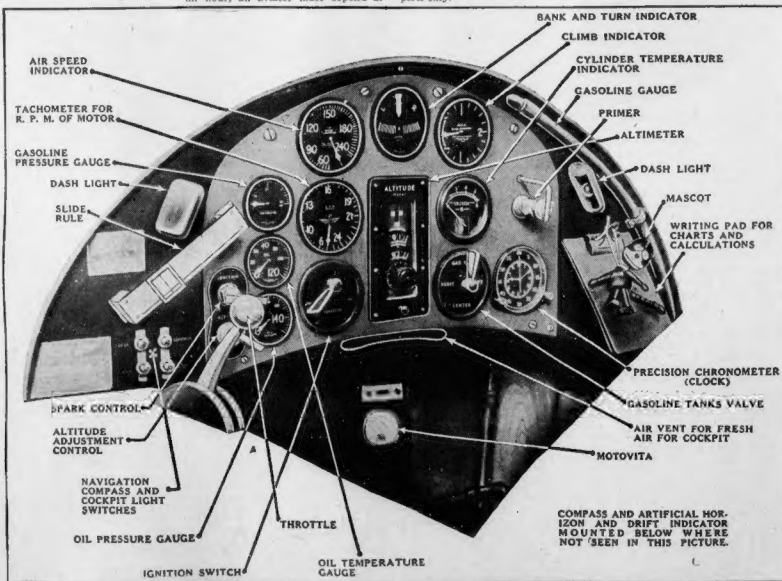
THE stork dropped a rare prize in the Berlin Zoo a few days ago—it was the first pigmy hippo ever born in captivity. The little fellow, shown in the photograph above, tipped the scales at exactly fourteen pounds.

The parents of the youngster have been in the Berlin Zoo for several years, and it was not expected that they would consider raising a family outside of their native habitat. It was not until a few months ago, in fact, that the attendants suspected that Mama and Papa Hippo were looking forward to a "blessed event."

Officials of the zoo have familiarized themselves with the proper diet for a youthful pigmy hippopotamus and the newcomer is being fed with as much care as any human baby ever was fed. The effect of every one of his meals is observed at the first sign of colic or indigestion the diet is changed. He has consistently gained weight since his arrival and it is hoped that he will not languish and die as have most hippos born in captivity.

The parents of the interesting addition to the Berlin Zoo are obviously fond of their baby, but the keepers have put the youngster in a separate cage for fear that he may get drowned in the big tank which his father and mother occupy. For several hours every day the parents are allowed to have their offspring with them, but their behavior is closely watched to see that they do not, wittingly or unwittingly, drown the baby in their ponderous splashing about the great tank.

Pigmy hippopotami are what scientists call "biological freaks"—that is, they are not a true species of animal, but the result of some chance offshoot of the full-sized hippos. There are only a few dwarf hippos in the world and the three in Berlin are believed to be the only ones in captivity. If the newcomer lives to maturity, it is unlikely that he will grow higher than four feet, or attain a weight greater than 500 pounds.



The Intricate Instrument and Control Board of the Speed Plane Used by Captain Frank Hawks in His Record-Breaking Flights.

—MAIL BY AIRMAIL WEEKLY, INC. GLOBE PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE.

Can a Man Love "Brain in Woman"?

Professor Shad, Distinguished British Scientist, Analyzes the Psychology of the Sexes and Explains Why the Modern Intellectual Woman Usually Makes an Unsatisfactory Wife

By DR. ABDUL M. SHAD,

L. R. C. P., L. R. C. S. E., L. R. F. P. S. C. D. P. H.
(From his recent lecture at "Women" at the London College of Psychology.)

My friends often ask me, "Can a man love a brainy woman?"

My reply always is, in quoting a great psychoanalyst, "Women who think are devils to live with."

By "women who think," is meant the so-called modern intellectual females. Certainly it is true that intellectual women are not successful with men. Full of ideas that come out of books, and that have no relation to life, she demands a higher grade of male than has yet made his appearance on this earth, and is usually unable to step down off her pedestal and compromise with the specimens of men that are available. She has struggled up to that pedestal with great difficulty, and she is struggling to get down. She has battered down the public and private objections to her ascent.

As she sits on the heights, very impressive and busy, she is always wishing in her proud loneliness that some man would come along and either pull her off or climb up and occupy the rarefied atmosphere with her. Men's hearts do not function well in high altitudes. Also they have much too much fear of the lady to use violence in helping her to descend. The only thing left, then, is for her to tumble down somehow (leaving her brains behind) and hit her victim on the head. This she does with the best intentions in the world. She takes him down, soothes his wounds, feeds him, fattens up his depleted wardrobe and then waits patiently for his transfiguration. It never occurs.

A little heartick and disappointed, she decides to live with him on his own level. She earnestly wishes to get along with him, but she has lost the technique that goes with an empty head, and has not yet perfected a procedure that goes with a full one. But she is struggling to do it. She starts thinking, and therein lies her failure, because men are not yet ready for the woman who thinks. Being scientifically trained she worries every little idea down to its last analysis. She works it out with a paper and pencil. She endeavors to squeeze a living, expelling pulsating relationship into an exact mould. She tries to be successful by a set of rules.

The "Brainy Woman's" Peculiar

Theories About Prolonging the Honeymoon.

After a laborious gathering of statistics on marriage relations of herself and of all her friends and enemies, she comes to the following conclusion: "Love dies in an atmosphere of restraint." A husband and wife should occupy separate apartments. If a man is made to fend for himself he becomes more proficient in the everyday things of life.

If two people have to overcome a slight difficulty in order to be near each other, the thrill of the honeymoon can be eternally maintained. Yes; two apartments is the solution. She acquaints her husband with the new idea, selects an apartment for him, furnishes it and moves him in. If he has been a slovenly person, he will still be slovenly, and she will discover that she has two apartments to take care of instead of one.

If he is an energetic person, he will be so glad of his freedom that she will never be able to find him. No two apartments are a mistake. She scratches her head and thinks again. After many brain-storms, she decides that one large apartment, with two absolutely separate suites, would be ideal. She rents one and moves herself and him into it. She leaves a little typewritten note on his pillow: "My dear: Let us always treat each other with the same politeness that we accord to strangers within our gates. Please always knock on my door before you enter, and I shall always knock on yours." He knocks a few times before he enters her room, but he does not understand why, and gradually the night of her door gives him a mental ache. He stands before it and tries to think. Maybe she is working; maybe she does not want to be disturbed. He lifts his hand, but he is unable to knock. At last the door becomes a formidable barrier between him and the woman for whom he longs.

The woman for whom he longs sits on the other side, eating her chocolate and wondering why he neglects her. In the meantime he has tipped across the hall to see the two cute little chorus girls and their mother.



Go to Church With Your Husband Whether You Are Religiously Inclined or Not—You Can Put the Shutter Down on Your Mind and Plan Your Next Winter Clothes.

They do not mind being disturbed. They crawl over him like two pretty kittens. They pull his nose and his ears. Their mother is never too busy to make him some fresh tea—and such tea! The little kittens scratch each other over putting the correct number of sugars in his cup, and they always remember that he likes the milk poured in first.

Of course the wife is too broadminded to object to his visiting the little chorus girls. The girls are undoubtedly respectable, but what he sees in them is a mystery to her. Just to show how broadminded she is, she occasionally invites them over when she has an hour to waste, and it is truly disgusting to see them switch out their mirrors every ten minutes and powder their noses. They are pretty, of course, but such vanity! The more they powder their noses the more she allows the shine to accumulate on hers.

"Something has to be done," she says to herself. So one evening after he has had an extra hilarious time playing games with the chorus kittens, and the noise of their joy had penetrated her walls, she decides on an absolutely frank talk. After all, frankness was one of the important sections in their marriage contract, which she thought out and drew up in legal form, and made him sign before the ceremony. She knocks on his door.

"Come in," he says eagerly, for he has been longing for days for his wife's companionship.

"I have a stone mallet on my ear-drum. I have to talk things out with you."

"What things?" he asks, hopefully. "What have I done?"

"Well, it is very difficult for me to say this, but I firmly believe you are in love with one of the little chorus girls, and my principle makes it impossible for me to stand in your way."

He turns as white as a ghost.

"Well, you are always over there, and I have made up my mind, etc., etc."

"What he really longs to do is to have her a good sound spanking, and then to go up to his room and where she belongs. He is sick and tired of having his wife treat him as a child. He makes him uncomfortable to be studied all the time. He can never get his wife without the interference of her brain. She is so afraid of not being valued as an intellectual power that she frustrates all his attempts at valuing her on his own terms."

Of course this sort of thing ends in a divorce.

Now, the woman who is not brainy, but who feels, and who is successful with men, is accused of using subterfuge. She does not as the intellectual woman uses it, to get what she really wants, but to get what her husband wants. By apparently doing what he wants, she gets her own way. If she does not express them. If she is an unbeliever and her husband is religious, she sits placidly beside him every morning and says, "I might say she is living a lie, but she replies, 'Why not?' It only takes an hour. You don't have to listen to the sermon. You can put the shutters down on your mind and plan your next winter clothes."

The brainy woman's husband is jealous of her, she constitutes herself into a psychological research society, and gives him a profound lecture on the subject, and then she gives her sister she sinks herself into the frozen silence of the great.

On the other hand, the other sort of woman either hugs or kisses him or puts her arms about him, kisses his ear and calls him a sweet old fool. In either case he is subjugated at once, and in the latter he is sure to give her a diamond bracelet.

If the brainy woman's husband comes home irritable, she tries to know all the minute details of his case. He does not want to tell her the cause, he only wants to be irritated.

What the other woman's husband comes home irritable the things he says don't even pass in one of her ears and out the other. They hit on the ear and bound off. "He does not mean it," she says to herself, and he does not really. He is letting off steam in the only safe direction.

Brainy woman picks her husband to pieces bit by bit. No part of his soul is safe from her explorations. She wants to know what this means or that. Why he reacts one way instead of another. She is not satisfied unless he jumps through the hoop, rolls over and plays dead. She wants him to be what she wants him to be, and will never permit him to be what he really is.

The other woman accepts her man as he is, with all his faults and virtues, and can get along quite happily to the end.

The brainy woman who does not yet understand herself, must not expect her man to understand her. She has no idea of herself, and she is not interested in him. He is unhappy, irritable, and goes for comfort to the other woman who makes him a strong drink and a very wonderful, a great genius, so kind, so easy to please, and such a handy. She puts him back on his cardboard husband, puts a sugar cube on his head and a tin scepter in his hand. Happily he sighs and droops his weary head upon her bosom.

Although it is a fact which we must face, that the splendid first glow of wedded love lasts only three years, yet, it may prove, as it invariably does, the beginning of a long and happy companionship. Life can go gloriously on without that missing glow.

That the brainy woman's love is of Man's life a thing apart, "his woman's whole existence," he raised a storm of protest a century ago from the few strong-minded women of the day, and has been referred scornfully ever since by those progressive feminists who are learning to stand firmly on their own feet.

It cannot be denied, however, that it was wholly true of practically all women for centuries, is true of most of them today, and will be true for some time to come. If one wants to start a sensation let him assert that men are quite happy at bachelor parties, but that women are bored to death at feminine parties. Yet this is almost universally true, with a reason.

We do not assert that it is fundamentally a part of the masculine nature to desire to be together, but we do say that the training and thought of the past has tended to give men a variety of pursuits and pleasures of which women are almost entirely ignorant. Whereas women have found their joy in nothing whatever except romance and its outgrowth—domesticity.

Ask any college man in what his greatest joy consists, and 99 times out of 100 he will tell you in the order of their intensity: Football, athletics, the navy, practical engineering, history, theatres, banquets, etc.; and when questioned directly as to association with the opposite sex, he will admit grudgingly that girls are all right in their places and embellish a "hop" or a boat race, but that, of course, they are not to be taken as a steady diet.

On the other hand, ask any girl from sweet 16 to splinterhead, even college women, and if they are truthful, they will admit that the greatest pleasures in life have to do with men's society. Dance, theatre, debating clubs, dining, and best of all, love-making. Now, this cannot be true for two very excellent reasons. The first is, woman's economic dependence on man, which is almost universal.

There is an entire world from which young women at least are shut, unless accompanied by a masculine escort, and public opinion decrees that he should pay the bills, and, therefore, these pleasant social experiences are closed to girls unless he invites her to partake of them.

Secondly, until recently there has been no diversity in life itself; they have had comparatively few intellectual interests, so that flirtation and love included all their activities.

There are men who will assert (without any thought of gallantry) that the vast majority of men's gatherings can be as entertaining and satisfactory as one composed of men and women, but these men are in the minority. They represent the highest development and most normal of their sex, but they are not the whole of it.

The proof is the fact that the vast majority of men in lodges, literary societies, political gatherings, associations, trade organizations, councils and committees, violently oppose the suggestion of admitting any woman, however eligible, to their ranks and into their councils. One would suppose that a cannibal had been suggested as a possible companion.

If a progressive man has the audacity to propose that women be admitted to all the social part of any lodge or organization, he is sure to attract a storm of protest. Sometimes the members will admit candidly that the women suggested fill every qualification and requirement, but they proceed to state, emphatically, that it is an impossibility to include them, because they are women.

This remarkable logic is almost universal among men, and we can only conclude that it springs from their feeling about the matter. They simply enjoy that society without women, and don't want them.

Men unquestionably do have a good time among themselves. They can be uproariously exultant over a football victory, they can make a magnificent success of a traveling man's dinner, of an engineers' club banquet, of a political research study club, of an Arctic explorer's expedition, of a political celebrity and an editorial convention; but all this they can succeed in the sense of attaining their ends and of enjoying themselves.

All this time women, generally speaking, are remaining at home and waiting patiently for the few moments' time which the individual year reluctantly can spare them. To him the woman is a convenience, a side issue, an incident. To her, the man is the main fact of existence.

Now, take past 25 years have brought about an enormous change in the woman's activities. It is quite true that they have suddenly acquired dozens of interests, but these are of an untrained, undeveloped, of philanthropy, clubs, luncheons, bridge-parties, are more or less a diversion to fill in the idle hours. They are day-time entertainments to help pass the time while the men are away earning the living. The focus of the woman's thoughts is in the evening, when men's society may be enjoyed at dinner, theatre or around the fireside. This underlies her consciousness throughout the day, whereas a man might as well have no home, his companions as far as his consciousness is in business hours is concerned.

True, often he is struggling to earn money to support a woman or children, but this has become a habit and a necessity, because he married young and obligated himself to this financial duty. It is no proof that he gets his greatest joy from the work of his hands. Social pressure is very strong on men in respectable society, regarding the support of the family, but the real test of their pleasure in them is the alacrity with which they seek their homes when business is over.

If men, generally speaking, are happier in women's society, why do the vast majority of business men (presumably the happy ones) never remain at the hotels and clubs with out-of-town visitors?

I do not assert that most men are naturally dissipated or that they are in the habit of going to the hotels and the stimulation of meeting their kind. They will make the excuse that it greatly facilitates their business, but they are not so much interested in their very evident desire to stay away from home. Now, do the few women who are gaining large incomes, who are in the business and the professions, feel the same indifference toward men's society, which men almost universally feel toward women's companionship with women? I believe not. Although, of course, ambition and healthy rivalry help to take women away from the

man's side.

At last the door becomes a formidable barrier between the husband and the woman for whom he longed.

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The Brainy Wife Leaves a Note on His Pillow Announcing That Separate Suites Are the Intelligent Thing for the Modern Husband and Wife and That He Should Knock on Her Door Before Entering.

maudlin clinging to men for 24 hours daily, and tide them over hysterical despair, when disappointed in some masculine ideal, still even the professional woman has ingrained in her the age-long virtue, "husbands and love first of all."

There is no doubt that women find considerable pleasure in the intellectual stimulus of their clubs and a certain joy in their civic activities, such as controlling educational movements and philanthropies. In a growing number of cases they are mighty executives, absorbed in their work, but the chief pleasure of most women has to do, in some manner, with the class of social diversions shared by the man whom they admire.

That "Man's love is of Man's life a thing apart," is quite as true in this 20th century as it was in Byron's days. There are, of course, exceptions, a very rare man sometimes kills himself for love, and there are records of masculine lives wrecked because of feminine caprice, but usually after the few years of adolescence, when men have chosen their mates and settled down, the love element is merely one phase of hundreds.

That "Love is woman's whole existence" is not so universally true in these days of feminine education and achievement, but that it is largely true, scarcely can be denied. Affection, romance, domesticity and vanity combine to make a woman feel that a man's adoration and homage are peculiarly necessary. No matter if she be the president of a college, she realizes that she needs a most vital experience if she has not been loved jealously and has not reciprocated.

The Dangers of Taking a Woman for Granted.

On the other hand, a bachelor, who may have led a very dull prosaic business existence, with no vital "affairs of the heart," usually does not consider for a moment that he has missed life's greatest experience. Man has the comfortable certainty that he can at any moment have the society of any grade of woman he chooses to seek.

A man takes a girl for granted when he assumes that he is the only man who interests her. But he does not realize that there may be others.

During courtship a man is likely to be on his guard more or less. It is after marriage that the business of taking the woman for granted really begins. Believe me, it is not safe even then—then last and least of all times. Men think that to have to hold, when, as a matter of fact, possession of woman is only the right to keep on pursuing her.

There is nothing a woman hates worse, or dreads more, than this being taken for granted as a matter of course. She likes courtship as a continued prelude. Suppose the reel has been run off on the screen of love. Put it on again for a second time and a third time. Don't take the wife for granted as though she were a house insured against fire and burglary. Houses and women can be moved.

When a woman has been taken for granted as a matter of course wife, she—what does she do? Gets peevish, complains and weeps. Yes, but that is not all by any means. She looks round, and that is significant with a woman. There is usually something in sight. Here is the polite stranger ready to offer assistance, the man with a car, the detached male in general. How happy is the wife if the husband witnesses his approach. It is not that she has any serious intentions. No; she wants her husband to stop taking her for granted.

There is neglected women. I do not mean by these, old women who beg along the street, but girls and young women who work for good wages, dress well, and could provide and maintain a comfortable life for a man about their own age. To see them come into restaurants in the evening one by one, in pairs, or even dozens, is to realize that they are being overlooked. They are good girls, they are good wives, they are good mothers, they are good wives among them. Why are these attractive women being overlooked? They are just the other women who, a few years ago, were the only women who were courted. Then they were just as capable of making good wives. But circumstances have changed, and the modern woman's life has altered the case of love.

The modern girl has gone to business, has become a rival to man, and her approach to the office is different now that she is working the typewriter. When she was in the home she seemed attractive to men, but not so when in the office. She is no longer a domestic creature, she is a business woman, some sort of a home-making machine which man is likely to seek when he goes out looking for a wife.

Women are neglected by men because men see too much of them. They are everywhere. They are in the office and on the street, he has no desire to keep looking at them in the evening. When women kept to the home and the work of the world was the work of the world, a woman was more or less of a curiosity. It was a change to pass from the masculine world of business to the feminine world of much domesticity. The novelty of womanhood is passing away.

There is the plain question of money. When women question receive pay for their efforts just like men. This creates the spirit of competition, and there is there who wishes to invite such a business rival out to dinner or to the theatre?

There is no longer any place for chivalry in the life of a man who lets a girl stand in the bus or train, and lets her take care of her own gear. A man has seen girls in business life, but it has been thwarted personally all along the line of love. Men are by nature vain, and in their male vanity they like to feel their practical importance in the world. They could do this and be as vain as they like, but they are not so vain for money. They have emancipated themselves from men, and are now free from male alchemy. If they are neglected it is their own fault or misfortune.

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There is neglected women. I do not mean by these, old women who beg along the street, but girls and young women who work for good wages, dress well, and could provide and maintain a comfortable life for a man about their own age. To see them come into restaurants in the evening one by one, in pairs, or even dozens, is to realize that they are being overlooked. They are good girls, they are good wives, they are good mothers, they are good wives among them. Why are these attractive women being overlooked? They are just the other women who, a few years ago, were the only women who were courted. Then they were just as capable of making good wives. But circumstances have changed, and the modern woman's life has altered the case of love.

The modern girl has gone to business, has become a rival to man, and her approach to the office is different now that she is working the typewriter. When she was in the home she seemed attractive to men, but not so when in the office. She is no longer a domestic creature, she is a business woman, some sort of a home-making machine which man is likely to seek when he goes out looking for a wife.

Women are neglected by men because men see too much of them. They are everywhere. They are in the office and on the street, he has no desire to keep looking at them in the evening. When women kept to the home and the work of the world was the work of the world, a woman was more or less of a curiosity. It was a change to pass from the masculine world of business to the feminine world of much domesticity. The novelty of womanhood is passing away.

There is the plain question of money. When women question receive pay for their efforts just like men. This creates the spirit of competition, and there is there who wishes to invite such a business rival out to dinner or to the theatre?

There is no longer any place for chivalry in the life of a man who lets a girl stand in the bus or train, and lets her take care of her own gear. A man has seen girls in business life, but it has been thwarted personally all along the line of love. Men are by nature vain, and in their male vanity they like to feel their practical importance in the world. They could do this and be as vain as they like, but they are not so vain for money. They have emancipated themselves from men, and are now free from male alchemy. If they are neglected it is their own fault or misfortune.

At last the door becomes a formidable barrier between the husband and the woman for whom he longed.

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maudlin clinging to men for 24 hours daily, and tide them over hysterical despair, when disappointed in some masculine ideal, still even the professional woman has ingrained in her the age-long virtue, "husbands and love first of all."

There is no doubt that women find considerable pleasure in the intellectual stimulus of their clubs and a certain joy in their civic activities, such as controlling educational movements and philanthropies. In a growing number of cases they are mighty executives, absorbed in their work, but the chief pleasure of most women has to do, in some manner, with the class of social diversions shared by the man whom they admire.

That "Man's love is of Man's life a thing apart," is quite as true in this 20th century as it was in Byron's days. There are, of course, exceptions, a very rare man sometimes kills himself for love, and there are records of masculine lives wrecked because of feminine caprice, but usually after the few years of adolescence, when men have chosen their mates and settled down, the love element is merely one phase of hundreds.

That "Love is woman's whole existence" is not so universally true in these days of feminine education and achievement, but that it is largely true, scarcely can be denied. Affection, romance, domesticity and vanity combine to make a woman feel that a man's adoration and homage are peculiarly necessary. No matter if she be the president of a college, she realizes that she needs a most vital experience if she has not been loved jealously and has not reciprocated.

The Dangers of Taking a Woman for Granted.

On the other hand, a bachelor, who may have led a very dull prosaic business existence, with no vital "affairs of the heart," usually does not consider for a moment that he has missed life's greatest experience. Man has the comfortable certainty that he can at any moment have the society of any grade of woman he chooses to seek.

A man takes a girl for granted when he assumes that he is the only man who interests her. But he does not realize that there may be others.

During courtship a man is likely to be on his guard more or less. It is after marriage that the business of taking the woman for granted really begins. Believe me, it is not safe even then—then last and least of all times. Men think that to have to hold, when, as a matter of fact, possession of woman is only the right to keep on pursuing her.

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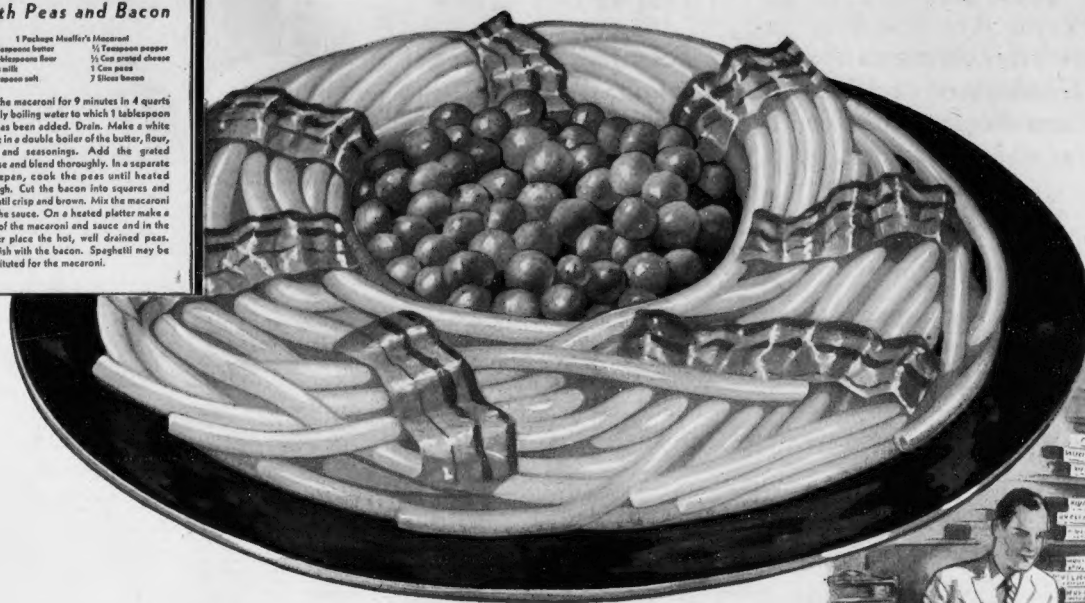
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MACARONI with Peas and Bacon

1 Package Mueller's Macaroni
2 Tablespoons butter 1/2 Teaspoon pepper
2 1/2 Tablespoons flour 1/2 Cup grated cheese
2 Cups milk 1 Can peas
1/2 Teaspoon salt 7 Slices bacon

Boil the macaroni for 9 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. Make a white sauce in a double boiler of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Add the grated cheese and blend thoroughly. In a separate saucepan, cook the peas until heated through. Cut the bacon into squares and fry until crisp and brown. Mix the macaroni and the sauce. On a heated platter make a nest of the macaroni and sauce and in the center place the hot, well drained peas. Garnish with the bacon. Spaghetti may be substituted for the macaroni.



MUELLER'S MACARONI

*Largest Selling Brand
in America . . . and Why*

There must be a reason why Mueller's Macaroni outsells all other brands in America. As a matter of fact, there are many reasons for this popularity. Mueller's Macaroni is not "just another macaroni." It is different—better—lighter—fluffier—and far more tasty than any other. The same is true of Mueller's Spaghetti, Elbow Macaroni and Egg Noodles. These foods are all highly nourishing—and as good to taste as they are good for the health.

If your family is not now enjoying the deliciousness and healthfulness of Mueller's Macaroni Products, surprise them with a treat tomorrow. Be sure to say Mueller's when you order from your grocer. He has it or can get it for you.

Mueller's Macaroni, Spaghetti and Elbow Macaroni are made from farina—the heart of the wheat. Mueller's Egg Noodles contain only selected fresh eggs and a choice blend of flour. Follow the directions on the Mueller package and boil for 9 minutes. AVOID OVERCOOKING—though 1 to 3 minutes more may be allowed for extra tenderness.

As a Change from Potatoes



MACARONI
EGG NOODLES
ELBOW
MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
COOKED
SPAGHETTI



C. F. Mueller Co., Dept. J.,
Jersey City, N. J.

Please send, without cost or obligation
to me, a copy of the Mueller Recipe
Book with suggestions on table setting,
table service and table etiquette.

Name

Address

Town State

Science of Life Provides a More Comfortable Old Age

Elderly People Are Not Bent and Wrinkled as They Were in the Days of Our Grandparents Because Modern Conveniences and More Sensible Habits

of Life Save Wear and Tear

OLD people do not feel as old as people of the same age used to feel in the days of our grandfathers. People of middle-age nowadays consider themselves much younger than people of the same age did a generation ago. This is particularly true of women—the average American woman at 55 or 60 today is hardly older than her grandmother was at 40 to 45.

But it must not be supposed that modern living conditions and modern science and sanitation have lengthened man's span of life. Old people do not live to be older nowadays, although this popular delusion is fully believed. What has been accomplished applies to babies. A baby born today will, on the average, live 25 years longer than he would in Revolutionary times. But at the age of, say, 52 the expectation of life is just about exactly the same as when George Washington was alive.

But modern conveniences and living conditions have spared men and women much of the wear and tear which made them bent and wrinkled. The old-time housewife put in a long day of hard labor with little amusement or relaxation, and she felt old and tired by the time she reached middle-age.

Now conditions have altogether changed, where the fairly well-to-do are concerned. The gas range, always ready for use at a moment's notice, or the electric range has supplanted the old-fashioned kitchen stove where a fire had to be slowly started and watched all day long. Electric appliances make housekeeping much easier. The perpetual drudgery of Monday washing and Tuesday ironing is now escaped—the "wash" goes to the laundry.

Much of the food is prepared outside the house. In older days the bread was made at home but now the baker supplies it. Ready-made preparations come in the same old packages for making biscuits, flapjacks, pie-crust and pie.

With these and other changes in living conditions, relieving them of manifold labors, women now have plenty of time for relaxation and enjoyment. They have gone in for outdoor sports, such as golf, invigorating and physically stimulating, whereby their muscles acquire tone, and a tendency to flabbiness is discouraged. They no longer permit themselves to "go slack."

Too much fat has come to be regarded not only as unbecoming but also as an unhealthy symptom. There are not nearly so many elderly fat women as in former days. Saunas and some other so-called beauty treatments help women to keep their figures and preserve an appearance younger than their years. It is not stylish to be fat.

Beyond all things else, women have found ways as possible. When they have reached old age, they do not lose this ambition. The elderly woman of today, sprightly and up-to-the-minute in her dress and in her tastes, is quite altogether different from her grandmother at the same age. Of course, some of the giddy, bold-headed, rouged girls of 65 are a spectacle to behold.

Women probably enjoy better health than they used to and this is partly due to the sensible clothes they wear. She is not clad like her grandmother in layers upon layers of superfluous clothing. No waist-strengthening corsets displace her internal organs and atrophy her body muscles.

It used often to be remarked that the women of the rich preserved in a surprising way their good looks and youthfulness of appearance. People said, "It just shows what luxury will do for women"—meaning, of course, in contrast to the aging and beauty-destroying effects of poverty and hardship.

But this was an incorrect view. Mere luxurious living, if it tends to laziness and slackness, is likely to have undesirable effects. The refined manifestations of youthfulness and beauty remarkably preserved in the old-time aristocracy are to be attributed to comfortable ease, freedom from cares and worries, and leisure for agreeable and enjoyable diversions. Granted those advantages, any woman should grow older at a minimum pace.



While Science Has Not Been Able to Lengthen Man's Span of Life, It Has Saved the Lives and Lengthened the Lives of Babies. The Outdoor Life and Exposure to the Sun's Health Rays Have Been Important Factors in Prolonging the Lives of Children.

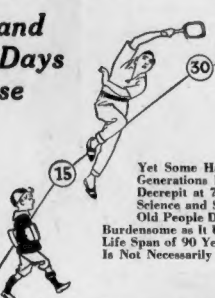
lady" at fifty. This modern woman who has reached that age plays bridge, goes to the movies, and may even dance as easily as the girls. It used to be commonly remarked that "women age more rapidly than men." But this is no longer a curious fact worth mentioning in this connection is that the average woman lives nearly four years longer than the average man. Nobody has ever been able to explain it, but, as proved by vital statistics, the female of the species has, at all ages, a better prospect of survival than the male. One hundred and five baby babies (approximately) are born for every 100 girl babies. But so many more of the girls live that by the end of the first year they catch up in numbers with the boys. And thereafter, in every succeeding decade, they gain upon the boys in numbers. In old age they are a considerable majority. It is not taken of deaths of extremely old people, as recorded in newspapers, it will be found that most of them are women.

Where men are concerned, change in the rate of age progression is much less noticeable. Yet the man of forty today is undoubtedly younger than was his grandfather at the same age, and the same is true of men at later ages. This is due mainly to more healthful living conditions, to hygiene and sanitation, to outdoor exercise, and to intelligent care bestowed in childhood.

The so-called "children's diseases" are largely accountable for physical afflictions of later life. Nowadays, to a great extent, they are prevented. Diphtheria, for instance, which, perhaps, has an attack of measles; he recovers, and no more is thought of. But that attack may have permanently weakened his heart, and at fifty years of age he dies of heart disease. The weakened organ has given way.

It is no longer the fashion to wait for a toothache. The child is sent every six months to a dentist, to have his mouth examined. It is very important. A toothache means that decay reached the nerve of a tooth. When that happens, for all the dentist can do, an eventual consequence is likely to be an abscess at the tooth root. Such an abscess is a little factor of poison which is continually supplied to the blood stream.

In later life, in middle age or further on, rheumatism sets in, that little abscess of children, which is deemed of much importance. If they are permitted to slump habitually into these attitudes, the effect upon development of their chests and lungs is unfavorable. Back troubles in later life are in many cases due to bad posture in childhood. It might fairly be said that the most important achievement of modern medicine has been in ameliorating the afflictions which used to be thought unescapable in old age. To



While the Bible Says That Man's Life Is Three-Score-and-Ten (70) Years,

Yet Some Have Always Lived to the 90 or More. But in Previous Generations Men Looked Old and Felt Old at 60; Were Bent and Deceitful at 75, and Usually Helpless Invalids at 90. While Modern Science and Sanitation Have Not Lengthened Man's Span of Life and Old People Do Not Live to Be Older Nowadays, Yet Old Age Is Not as Burdensome as It Used to Be—People Are "Younger for their years." This Diagram Shows a Life Span of 90 Years Divided Into 15-Year Periods, but the Man 60 to 75 Years Old Nowadays Is Not Necessarily Bent and Feeble, Nor Is the "Old Timer" at 90 Usually in a Wheelchair.

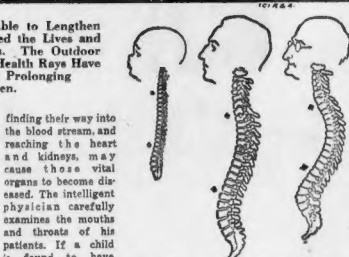
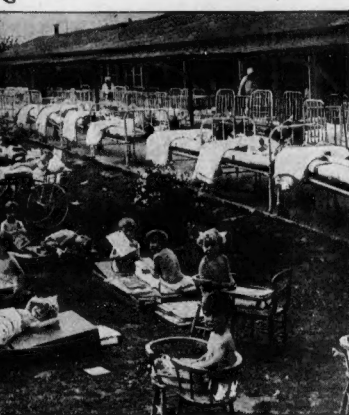
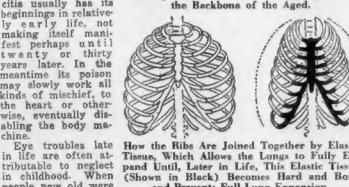
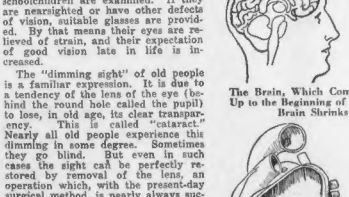


Diagram Showing the Straight Backbone of a Child, the Normal Curve of the Backbone of Middle Age, and the Increasing Curves and Compressed and Hardened Cartilages of the Backbone of the Aged.



How the Ribs Are Joined Together by Elastic Tissue, Which Allows the Lungs to Fully Expand Until, Later in Life, This Elastic Tissue (Shown in Black) Becomes Hard and Bony and Prevents Full Lung Expansion.



The Brain, Which Completely Fills the Skull Up to the Beginning of Old Age—and How the Brain Shrinks Late in Life.

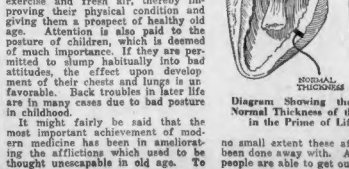


Diagram Showing the Difference in the Normal Thickness of the Walls of the Heart in the Prime of Life and in Old Age.



Amusing Sketch of a Bathing Suit of Fifty Years Ago When Grandma Was Afraid of a Little Sunshine. And Photograph of a Modern Woman Playing Beach-Ball in a Bathing Suit Which Invites the Fullest Amount of the Sun's Health Rays.

more enjoyment than their grandparents could expect to obtain.

What, then, shall be said of the expectation which the children of today may reasonably entertain, in this regard? They are enjoying such advantages of physical care as no other generation has yet had, with a corresponding better outlook for health and vigor when they reach old age. It is even alleged that children are "growing bigger" that, thanks to better care and more judicious feeding, they are larger and heavier than their parents at corresponding ages, and that they will be taller.

There is no question of the fact that, in men as well as in women, the aging processes have been "slowed down." As is well known, many more people than formerly live long enough to become elderly, the average length of human life in this country having reached fifty-six years. From this time on the population of the United States will have a much greater proportion of elderly than heretofore.

Within the last twenty-five years there has been a great increase in average length of life. This, however, has been almost entirely to the saving of infants and the prolongation of the lives of infants and children. After forty-five years of age, people die as fast as they ever did.

The extreme limit of old age has not been extended by so much as a day. A while ago, the U. S. Census Bureau undertook an elaborate study of human longevity, and one conclusion it definitely drew was that no man or woman over lived 100 years. One hundred and six years, with evenness added, is the absolute limit.

In old-fashioned plays on the stage the accepted type of old gentlemen was more or less crippled. Commonly he was represented with a cane, on which he hobbled a gait which, heavily bandaged, he rested on, while seeking his ease. His tempestuous ill-

temper went with his affliction. Doubtless the stage character was true to life. But where does one see old gentlemen nowadays? Thanks to healthful living and greater prudence in diet, gout has become a comparatively rare affliction.

Nature never contemplated a crippled man. Surely, her plans never look into view the old man or old woman. She wants to get rid of old people. From her viewpoint, they cumber the earth, having passed the reproductive period. Nature is interested in the perpetuation of the species, and not in the individual. By the time middle age is reached the eyes begin to lose their usefulness at the near point and require the artificial aid of glasses. At fifty the teeth have begun to loosen. Nevertheless, man nowadays is able in this respect to get the better of Nature, to some extent. Amid the comforts of civilization, and aided by advances of knowledge, people are enabled to go on living beyond what might be considered a normal span. The survival is in a sense artificial, certainly artificial in the sense of a ment which old age now claims as a reasonable right.

"The days of our years are three score years and ten," says the Psalmist, "and if, by reason of strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away." In other words, it did not "pay" to live more than seventy years; too many bodily afflictions made life a nuisance rather than a pleasure. But in these modern times such afflictions are reduced to a minimum, and among our friends and acquaintances are many people over seventy years of age who still possess the blessing of good health and find life enjoyable.

Of course, there are some changes in the human machine which come with age and cannot be entirely escaped. The curve of the backbone changes and the soft cartilages harden. In early life the ribs are joined together by elastic tissue which allows the lungs to fully expand, but later in life this elastic tissue becomes hard and bony and prevents full lung expansion. The brain shrinks in advanced age and no longer fills the skull and the walls of the heart thicken and are less elastic. These changes and deterioration of the body cannot be entirely escaped and eventually the human machine comes to a stop.

**DON'T TAKE CHANCES
DEMAND THIS LABEL**

it's your guarantee that all



SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

ARROW SHIRTS

will fit you

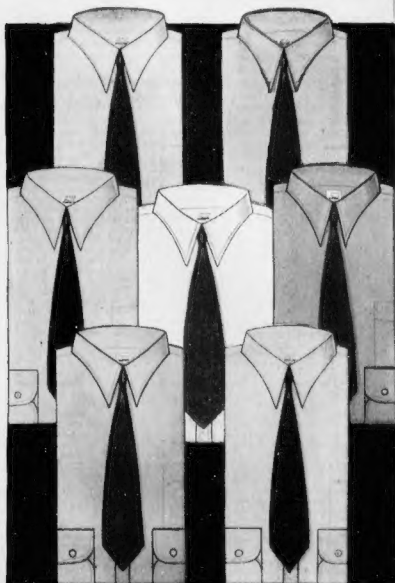
PERMANENTLY

HERE'S the most welcome news that ever greeted a shirt-strangled nation! All Arrow Shirts are guaranteed for permanent fit. Think of it! You can get shirts at your price and in your style, and get your money back if they don't fit permanently.

This label brings you freedom from shirt slavery... freedom from choking neckbands and sleeves that shorten. You owe it to yourself to insist upon this label. It carries the words, "ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK"—those words mean that your shirt has been put through the new patented process which has revolutionized fabric-fit, a miracle in shirt-making.

You don't have to take chances. The Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk process has the United States Patent Office behind it.

Remember—only an Arrow Shirt has a genuine tailored Arrow Collar.



The fine Arrow Broadcloths pictured above, and all Arrow Shirts for daytime wear, are Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk and guaranteed for permanent fit.

If you are unable to secure any of the merchandise in this advertisement, please write

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., 330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

You have a complete choice of prices and new summer shades in these Arrow Broadcloth Shirts.

TRUMP at \$1.95
PADDOCK at \$2.50

in white and in colors

In addition to Trump, the world's most popular shirt, and Paddock, the largest selling of all \$2.50 shirts, you will find unusual values in

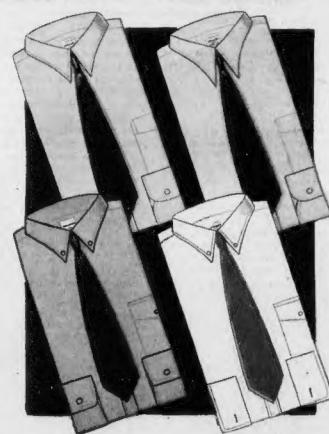
ARROW MAYFAIR in white and colors **\$3.00**

ARROW CLARIDGE in white and colors **\$3.50**

ARROW BARONET in white and colors **\$5.00**

The new smart summer shades in Arrow Broadcloths are shown here. They include blue, silver, tan, green and white.

ARROW Sanforized-Shrunk SHIRTS



Arrow has performed
a miracle with

OXFORD SHIRTS

THEY said it couldn't be done with Oxfords.

So Arrow DID it! Oxford, ideal fabric for summer, has always been notorious for shrinking.

Now we offer you Arrow Oxford Shirts, guaranteed for permanent fit.

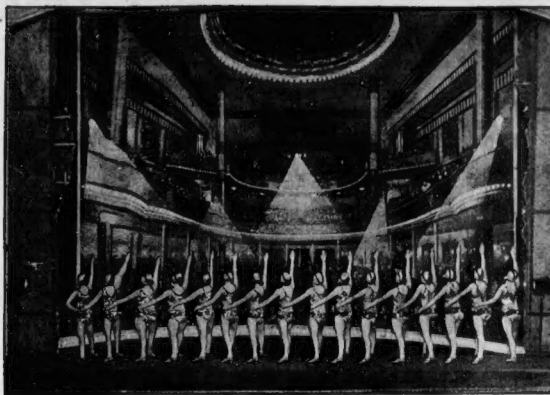
Now you'll get your money back if these cool, smart Arrow Oxford Shirts fail to stay your correct size.

Yes, sir. The impossible has been done—and done without losing the famous life and luster of Arrow Oxford material.

These Arrow Gordon Oxfords positively will keep their trim smartness through repeated washings. The price, \$2.50, is rock bottom. You do not pay extra for the "money back" guarantee or the perfectly tailored Arrow Collar.

Novel Stage Effects in the Latest Paris Revue

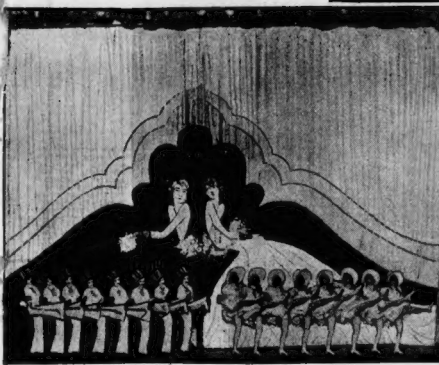
**Lovely Ladies Made in
Molds in the
"Factory of Folly";
Scenic Spectacles as
Seen From the Stage;
Giant Figures Painted
on Drop Curtains
Which Take
Animated Parts in
the Show**



"Wrong Way Round" Scene Producing the Illusion of Seeing the Show From the Back of the Stage.



Mlle. Carise After Leaving the Mold for Making Women in the "Factory of Folly."



Heroic Sized Modern Beauties Painted as a Backcloth for a Beauty Chorus Number.

PARIS, June 4. AS MOST novelties of fashions, fabrics and human follies originate in Paris so also most of the novelties in stage settings, costumes and devices originate here. And thus it is that the latest production at the Folies Bergere presents some dramatic spectacles never seen before.

The curtain rises on a hot scene in a foundry, "The Factory of Folly," where, in the interest of comfort, overalls and jackets have been left outside. The undersea of the place increases suspect for manual toil, and many a hunk clerk in the audience must regret he can't do a job in this workshop—especially when he beholds, amid the revolving wheels and connecting rods, some mad, Mlle. Erna Carise, Rina Monto and other ladies issuing forth from a metal mold fashioned in the latest style of allurement.

M. Louis Lemarchand, the resourceful producer of the show, should be thanked for this invention of the Folies out beauties by the dozen in his thirty factory. Flammarion predicted the world would finish by treading, but there is little danger so long as this machine continues to manufacture radiant creatures at such a rate. M. Lemarchand's "invention" rivals that of Homer, who says Athena sprang full-armed from the front of Jove; of Hesiod, who relates that Gargantua, born from the left ear of Gargantua; of Paracelsus, who bequeathed posterity a formula for fabricating wry; and of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who tells of a woman made by electricity.

After the bustling vocational introduction, in which the possibilities of the machine-age are extolled to the advantage of the bayaderes who run the show, there comes the "Wrong Way Round" number, so called because it gives the illusion that one is watching the entertainment from the back of the stage and not from the auditorium. But there is nothing wrong in the way in which M. Lemarchand rounds out the program with a joyous lay of love to Mlle. Vera Troukay, nor in the silent comedy of M. John Buz, who is possessed of extraordinary legs.

The History of Hair-Dressing is next outlined by living pictures in gorgeous frames showing Adam taking the kinks out of Eve's locks with a feather; the soaring coiffure of the Eighteenth Century, that evidently served as model for the Eiffel Tower; Leonard the hair-dresser, climbing a ladder to comb her "highness" Marie Antoinette's capillary curiosities of the Nineteenth Century; a permanent wave salon of 1931, resembling a torture chamber, and, as a grand climax, the beguined glory of Josephine Baker.

The Jackson Girls, bewitching in form and motion, convince the audience there is always a kick to be got

out of their chorus, and Mlle. Chataff and Tarakanova, of the Stalla ballet, trip about on the tips of their toes, revealing more talent than nudity. Onlookers are then treated to a travesty on tourists in Paris. These innocents abroad are "guyed" and misguided by Andre Randall, whose sallies of wit, as he warms to his work, hop about him like brain-fleas. This superlative wag, who appears later on in the show in another sketch at the expense of the tenderfoot, sings and jokes in half a dozen tongues to the delight of the cosmopolitan crowd.

The scenes presented in the "Masks" number are artistic and elaborate. The curtain-drop for "Sous le Loup de Valours" is adorned by a large velvet mask with reclining nudes half-hidden in the eye-holes, while the Florentine Ball, Dance of the Japanese Warriors and Indian Mask are full of life and color.

The backcloth for an African act is particularly striking, representing the head of a saucer-lipped negress from the Lake Chad district where the famous "duck-billed" black beauties come from. The lips, formed of big wooden discs, jut out from the curtain and make a dance-platform for Mlle. Melka. The weird undulations of this dark-skinned dancer cannot even be hinted at. She is assisted by Fera Benga, whose poses were called by one critic "prayers to Beauty"—an adoration of beauty, however, quite different from that of Dante or Plotinus.

The dusky Benga may now adopt as his motto the words of Louis XIV: "The dancer is a hero." Equally remarkable is the acrobatic Andree Cappella, Romoff and Naidi, who successfully revive the abandon of the antique bacchanal. They pull off a dance—and most of their clothes—that brings down the house.

When the curtain falls for the "entracte," the parade of folly, con-



Mlle. Melka and Her Partner, Benga, African Dancers, Dancing on the Giant Lips of a Woman Painted "Duck-Bill" Beauty Painted on the Scenery.



Gigantic Figure of a Woman Painted on the Curtain, the Folds of Her Skirts Held Up by Chorus Girls, While the Extended Arm and Fingers Pull Leading-Strings and Make the Man Dance in Obedience to Her Caprice.

tinues in the "promenade" and foyer. Here female philosophers of the Peripatetic School—perfumed like the Shalimar—flaunt it in all their finery, while the audience regales itself with the

spectator is not pestered by employees demanding tips. The management is proud to announce in its program and the press that the Folies Bergere is the only music-hall in France where "pou-boires" are not allowed.

The second part of the performance starts off with the "Knock About" number, in which nimble-footed "figurantes" caper in front of a drop painted with two modern girls far larger than life. This method of employing giant figures as the background for living artists is used again effectively in the sketch entitled "Woman and the Puppet" where men, as a plaything, dance to the will of a colossal doll that holds him in leading-strings.

Then, following a representation of a frolic in the days of Offenbach, when lovelies wore crinolines and their gallants quoted Musset, the audience is taken on a slumming tour by a French sailor to the Red Light district of Teulon, the Bocca of Buenos Aires, and the Yoshiwara of Tokio. Vice is not beautified in these tableaux, no glamor of romance is thrown about these sordid scenes.

The revue ends with a patriotic apotheosis of Cortes and Bellonte, French aces, symbolized by "coy-phens" who certainly wear their propellers in strange places in hovering over New York. Shapely young girls unfurl the national emblems of red, white and blue, waving all to breezes, and keeping heavily a stick or a star to themselves. This colorful finish is the greatest amount of undressing yet done in honor of aviation.

Solomon said that the price of wisdom

is above rubies, yet folly, too, brings a fancy figure. M. Paul Derval, director of the Folies Bergere for the past thirteen years, has invested 3,500,000 francs in this production. No expense seems to have been spared. The water-color designs for the tableaux alone cost 200,000 francs, and the 1,500 costumes of the "Folly Factory" required 200 miles of material—the distance from Paris to Cherbourg. Seventy mechanicians, 18 electricians, together with 2,700 other workers, are needed to run the show.

A professional chorus girl here receives 2,000 francs (\$80) a month, although the nude mannequin gets only about 400 (half a dollar a night), as she is not required to execute any difficult dance measures but is engaged simply to exhibit her beauty adorned. This candid creature does not come from the colony of art models in the capital, as many suppose, but is a hard-working girl in shop and office. She is very glad to gain fifty cents a night behind the glare of the footlights doing nothing for three hours except to wear a smile and a string of false pearls. And then, who knows, perhaps some day she may marry the producer, or become a public favorite like some of those who have made their debut here.

The list of celebrities who have passed across the boards of this music-hall is interesting: Mistinguett, Josephine Baker, Jenny Holzer, Jane Marne, Polaire, Pavlova, Regina Badet, Marguerite Deval, Jeanne Bloch, Louis Fuller, "La Belle Otero," Cleo de Merode, Liane de Pougy, Emilienne d'Alencan, Mata Hari, Napierkowna, Miss Compton, Gaby Deslys, Yvette Guilbert, Louis Beatty, the Barrington sisters, Nina Myral, Spensley, Yvonne Printemps, Mollie, Pauline, Lucille, Dragan, Max Dearly, Severin, Hovi, Fragon, Claudius, Polin, Vibert, Mayol, Pons, Greville, Gallipoli, Bach, Dorville Antoine, Baggesen, Maurice Chevalier, etc., etc. Some of them are still basking in the limelight, many have been forgotten by the hickie public, and others have been matched up to that Paradise where actors, as Coppee wrote, all have superb roles to play, with their names written in large capitals on the bills.

The Folies Bergere is founded on the ancient site of a monastery whose austere occupants translated Latin manuscripts which Parisians humorously rivaled that ran through their domain. Later on this peaceful retreat became an asylum for the blind, the "Hospice des Quinze-Vingts." Then, in course of time, the "Columbs of Hercules" rose here, a store specializing in bidding, 1869, when a "caf-conc" known as the "Folies-Trevins," or "Folies-Richer," which Parisians humorously dubbed the "Cafe-Concert of the Spring-Mattress" because the clientele continued to bear the old sign board of the furniture store. The sign did not disappear till 1937, when a army of workmen, directed by M. Paul Derval, entirely remodelled and redecorated the place.

Save your silk stockings!

**CORTICELLI HOLEPROOF KAYSER LUXITE
PHOENIX VANITY FAIR VAN RAALTE**

tell you how

**Don't wash silks in hot water . . . they warn.
Use this olive and palm oil soap that dissolves
and cleanses in lukewarm water.**

THOUSANDS of silk stockings destroyed every year . . . just from improper washing, say America's great silk manufacturers. Beautiful colors faded and streaked. Delicate silk threads made dry and brittle. It's hot water and half-dissolved soap, that damage silk stockings, they warn.

Why soap containing olive oil protects silk

What's the remedy? "Use a soap," they say, "that dissolves, cleanses and rinses away, in water cool enough to be safe for silks." For years these silk manufacturers have used only one type of soap for washing their silk skeins. A soap containing olive oil. Because, they find, such a soap dissolves and cleanses in much cooler water than tallow soaps require. Its gentle oils keep silk threads soft and wear-resisting.

The soap silk manufacturers advise

And now the makers of Palmolive Soap have made such a soap for the washing of silks. A soap made exclusively of olive and palm oils. A soap that cleanses in water from 10 to 20 degrees cooler than tallow soaps require. A soap that

rinses away completely, leaving no trace of half-dissolved soap to damage silk threads.

This new soap for silks is called "Palmolive Beads". The great silk manufacturers themselves have tested it in their own laboratories. So protective to silks did they find it to be, that now—on every washing direction tag they use, they say "Use Palmolive Beads". "Its olive and palm oils help protect the life of silk," declares Kayser. "Hot water is destructive to silk fibre," reports Corticelli. "Palmolive Beads dissolve instantly in lukewarm water." "We foresee longer wear for silk stockings with this new and different fabric soap," says Phoenix.

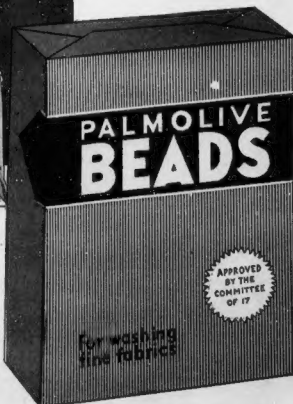
Cut silk stocking bills this way

Don't damage silk stockings with soaps that require hot water. Just pour a half cup of Palmolive Beads in your washbowl. Add lukewarm water. Swish to thick, rich suds. This is the safe way to wash silk hosiery. The way all the great silk manufacturers advise. Notice the delicate green color of the suds. This is the natural color that olive and palm oils always give. It means that this soap is not bleached. Contains no animal fats whatsoever. It means you do not have to use destructive hot water. Palmolive Beads cost just ten cents a box! At your dealers.



Directions for using Palmolive Beads

To about one-half cup of Palmolive Beads add lukewarm water and swish to a thick, rich suds in your washbowl. Use only lukewarm water. This is easier . . . far safer than using hot water and then cooling down. Remember, soaps containing olive oil do not require the high temperatures ordinary soaps require. Don't hesitate to use plenty of Palmolive Beads. Although made of finest olive and palm oils, Palmolive Beads cost no more than ordinary soaps made of animal fats.



Sheer beauty of color and exquisitely fine weaving characterize all Vanity Fair silk hosiery. To preserve this beauty and obtain its best wear, Vanity Fair advises you to "wash in water that is just barely lukewarm and Palmolive Beads."



Miss Lillian Edgerton, textile expert, shows Miss Anselmette Donnelly, nationally known writer of beauty articles, how slow-dissolving soaps damage silks. Both women are members of the Committee of 17.

The Committee of 17

These famous women—leaders representing every phase of feminine activity, from all over the United States—approved and sponsor Palmolive Beads.

MRS. JAMES J. DAVIS
Wife of U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania and former cabinet member under three Presidents.

ETHEL BARRYMORE
America's most famous actress.

ELISE DE WOLFE
Noted authority on decoration.

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY
Chicago Tribune beauty expert.

LILLIAN EDGERTON
Head of textile laboratory.

MRS. KELLOGG FAIRBANK
Famous Chicago social leader.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN
New York social leader.

ANNE MORGAN
Philanthropist and civic leader.

DR. ELLEN B. MCGOWAN
Of a great eastern university.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Noted fiction writer.

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
Wife of the Governor of New York.

NELLIE TAYLOR ROSS
Ex-Governor of Wyoming.

GAY S. WALTON
Executive of J. Walter Kayser & Co.

SUZANNE POLLARD
Daughter of Governor of Virginia.

MRS. HANCOCK BANNING
California social leader.

MRS. CECIL B. DE MILLE
Wife of the famous director.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK
America's great prima donna.

Study these greatly magnified photographs of identical silk stockings.

Note how Palmolive Beads have rinsed out completely—leaving not a trace of soap to ruin delicate fibres. While with fake soap—the silk meshes are filled with specks of soap that wouldn't rinse out.

That's why leading silk manufacturers advise you to "use Palmolive Beads."

PALMOLIVE BEADS

for washing fine fabrics . . . Large Box 10¢

France Trying to Find a Way to Save People from Burial Alive

Statistics Showing an Alarming Number of Premature Burials Arouse the Chamber of Deputies to Demand Scientific Proof of Actual Death Before Interment Is Permitted

Dr. Arsene Fie, the Physician Member of the French Chamber of Deputies, Who Advocates the Interment of a Mortal Case of Strychnine Into Every Supposed Dead Person.

PARIS, June 4. THE movement in England to establish reliable legal safeguards against the danger of being buried alive has recently taken shape in France. For many years the question of premature burial has been agitated here, and at last the French Chamber of Deputies has appointed a committee to investigate the matter. The vice-president of this committee is Dr. Arsene Fie, a distinguished French physician and member of the Chamber of Deputies. Dr. Fie, after a careful study, has prepared a report recommending that nobody should be buried until some scientifically convincing proof of his death has been obtained. In the present state of science, Dr. Fie points out, we cannot tell from a person's appearance the exact point at which complete, unquestionable death sets in, as the various parts of the body—limbs, heart, lungs, etc.—die at different times. There are also many peculiar conditions which produce a state of apparent, not real, death. Conspicuous among these causes are epilepsy, asphyxiation, catalepsy, submersion in water, electric shock, and shock from sudden joy, fright and pain.

The French committee emphasizes the statement of the Rev. Dr. Ouseley, of England, that 1,000 persons are buried alive annually in that country. Dr. Hartman says that 500 persons are prematurely buried annually in Germany. In France there is now a Society of Insurance Against Premature Burial, which for a fee of 500 francs guarantees to make apparent death a certainty. An impressive list of apparent deaths where persons returned to life, and many instances of premature burial more or less all over the world has been prepared by Dr. Fie.

In the early part of February, in the town of Lairoba, Pennsylvania, the doctor had pronounced the little baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bunce to be dead. A casket was obtained and the little form laid out in it, cold and rigid. But nine hours later a friend of the bereaved parents called to console them and stepped into the room where baby Anna lay in her coffin. Kneeling beside the casket the woman was startled to hear a faint cry and, rising to her feet, saw the child open its eyes and move its hands. The little one was removed to its own bed and recovered consciousness—a case of "suspended animation," the doctor said.

On March 15th, in the Province of Bihio, Chile, a young woman had been apparently dead for two days and nights. When the family and friends gathered for the funeral, the woman took place within three hours, the form in the coffin stirred and a voice quickly asked for a drink of water. The physician in charge stated that the woman was suffering from a prolonged case of catalepsy. Fortunately no embalming had been done in either of these cases.

Only last year Prince Maukaka, came to life during his funeral and astonished the mourners by sitting up in his coffin, and begging to be released. Twenty cases were reported in France in 1923.

Indeed, within the last few days a case was reported from Malaga, Spain, where an elderly married, Seneo Praxito, was found lying lifeless on the floor of his home. A doctor pronounced the man dead and issued a certificate for burial. The funeral services were held and the shroud was placed in a tomb. Two days later gravediggers at work nearby heard a thumping noise inside the coffin. Prying off the lid



Mme. de Maintenon, the Last Wife of Louis XIV, Who Was Declared Dead on Shipboard and Narrowly Escaped Being Buried Alive at Sea.

the man was found alive—he had been in a catatonic fit. From all over the world have come well-authenticated cases of burial alive, some of them historical. One of the best-known instances was the case of Anne Carter Lee, mother of General Robert E. Lee, the distinguished Confederate general. She was thought to be dead, was buried in a vault, and seven days later a caretaker, hearing creaks, opened the tomb, lifted the coffin lid and rescued her. Fifteen months later this woman, who so narrowly escaped being buried alive, became the mother of the famous General Robert E. Lee. Anna Held, the well-known musical comedy actress, who was of French birth, was declared dead by her doctor—but two hours later her heart began beating again and the color returned to her face.

Dr. Fie cites some strange cases which had previously been brought before the French Parliament during discussion of this question. Cardinal Donnet, of Bordeaux, told a dramatic story of his own experience to the Senate.

"A young priest," the Cardinal said, "performing his duties in a cathedral full of worshippers, fell down insensible off his pulpit where he was beginning to preach a sermon. A doctor declared that death had taken place and gave permission for the burial of the body. The bishop of the cathedral in which the tragedy occurred performed the funeral service and was already reciting the 'De Profundis.' The young priest heard the voice of one of his intimate friends and this voice excited in him a superhuman effort to shake off his trance condition, which he was able to do. The next day the 'dead' man appeared in his pulpit again."

"And now," concluded the Cardinal, "he stands before you imploring you to make new regulations which will

prevent premature burials, which are too frequent."

Jeanne Granet, aged twenty-six, was a poor peasant in the village of Bousac (Commune of Comac). On July 26, 1901, he fell unconscious on the threshold of a neighbor's house, and as his lethargy lasted more than an hour and he showed no signs of life, he was no longer considered an inhabitant of this world. His aunt, informed of his demise, made arrangements for the funeral. Three hours later, when the village church was tolling his knell, Granet came out of his trance, and asked the reason of the pealing bell. Learning that it was in his honor, he jumped up and strode off to the church, where he proceeded to berate the bell-ringer for his unseemly haste. A death certificate of the town of Argentat, bearing the stamp of the Mayor, declares that Mlle. Antoinette Rouzerol, aged twenty-five, living at Hasteux, and daughter of Antoine Rouzerol, died on March 24, 1902, and "came to life again at 10 o'clock the morning of the same day."

When the cholera was raging in Brittany, a young woman of twenty-four named Philomèle Joutere was stricken by the disease and buried in a common grave at Plouigneau, near Morlaix. As the gravedigger began filling the grave, mourners standing nearby distinctly heard a noise coming from the coffin, and hurried off in search of a physician. At 8 o'clock that evening Dr. Roger arrived and exhumed Mlle. Joutere. Her body was warm, not rigid, and her eyelids moved. She died an hour after the exhumation.

The case of Mlle. Joutere resembles that of a man named Cheveau. At Ricamaric—not far from Saint-Etienne in the month of January, 1903, he was heard uttering cries from his coffin. When it was dug up, he was

early in February, the Little Baby Son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bunce of Lairoba, Pennsylvania, Was Pronounced Dead by the Doctor and the Little Form Was Laid Out in a Casket. But Nine Hours Later a Friend of the Bereaved Parents Called to Console Them and Stepped Into the Room Where Baby Anna Lay in Her Coffin. Kneeling Beside It the Woman Was Startled to Hear a Faint Cry and Rising to Her Feet Saw the Child Open Its Eyes and Move Its Hands.



"Buried Alive," the Famous Painting by the Belgian Artist Wierix.

gave every indication of having been buried alive.

The records of Toulon state that the death record of Madame Marie Selva was annulled in virtue of a judgment rendered by the Civil Tribunal, March 2, 1897. The unfortunate woman was the victim of an "apparent death." She was taken alive from the grave, but she died several days later from the shock.

Dr. Fie describes the experience of Joseph Nassari, an inhabitant of a small town near Florence, Italy, in January, 1908. He awoke from a lethargy in a neighbor's house, and as his lethargy lasted more than an hour and he showed no signs of life, he was no longer considered an inhabitant of this world.

His aunt, informed of his demise, made arrangements for the funeral. Three hours later, when the village church was tolling his knell, Granet came out of his trance, and asked the reason of the pealing bell. Learning that it was in his honor, he jumped up and strode off to the church, where he proceeded to berate the bell-ringer for his unseemly haste. A death certificate of the town of Argentat, bearing the stamp of the Mayor, declares that Mlle. Antoinette Rouzerol, aged twenty-five, living at Hasteux, and daughter of Antoine Rouzerol, died on March 24, 1902, and "came to life again at 10 o'clock the morning of the same day."

When Dr. Icard came, the proprietor asked as a favor that he would move as possible haste, as the news of Mlle. Joutere's death might induce some of his guests to quit the hotel. However, after a careful examination of the body, he declared that she was dead. The young woman was alive, and after being given a small quantity of ether, she opened her eyes. Inside of half an hour she was talking with the physician. She lived many years after her "resurrection."

Dr. Fie, in his report, mentions the remarkable case of the Abbe Provost, the celebrated author of "Nanon Lescart," who started the surgeon performing his autopsy by returning to life under the scalpel.

And there is the historic incident of Mlle. d'Aubigny, afterwards Malinval.

The Late Anna Held, Who After Being Declared Dead by the Doctor, Suddenly Returned to Life, Only to Die a Few Hours Later.

de Maintenon, morganic wife of King Louis XIV. On a voyage to France she was thought to have died, and was only saved from a watery grave when the ship surgeon noticed the blood throbbing in her wrist artery.

While Dr. Fie's report to the French Chamber of Deputies lists a long catalog of instances of premature burial, yet the doctor admits that further investigations and tests should be made to establish the most scientific evidence of death.

Dr. Fie suggests that a hypodermic injection of strychnine might be given to make sure that an apparently dead person is not alive. Other members of the committee recommended what is known as the hydro-sulfuric test. A mark is made on a piece of transparent paper with an acetate of lead solution, which is invisible. This paper is placed against the nostrils, and when death is complete, the paper becomes black. Hydro-sulfuric acid is given off, which turns the invisible writing black. But this is not regarded as an infallibly reliable test.

In fact, to devise a test of death which will be conclusive under any conceivable circumstances is admitted by everybody to be extremely difficult. Absence of breathing or of perceptible heart beat means little, since there have been many instances of persons who showed neither of these signs of life and yet recovered. Even the involuntary movement created in a normal person if one touches the front of his gaster to quit the hotel. However, after a careful examination of the body, he declared that she was dead. The young woman was alive, and after being given a small quantity of ether, she opened her eyes. Inside of half an hour she was talking with the physician. She lived many years after her "resurrection."

The stiffening of the muscles called rigor mortis may fail to occur until hours after a person is really dead, or may be virtually duplicated by rigid muscular contractions in a person who is not dead. A peculiar separation of the blood in the arteries of the retina inside the eye of a dead person, so that tiny individual droplets of blood can be seen under a microscope, once was regarded as a sure sign of death, but this has been disproved by a German physiologist, Mr. E. Wolf.

Three years ago a committee of the British Science Guild proposed three

signs of death to be looked to by the best obtainable. The first is to make a small cut in the artery in the lower arm or in the artery at the wrist in which the physician feels one's pulse. If the artery bleeds, the person is alive; if it does not bleed, death is almost, if not quite, a certainty. The second test is to apply heat or a strong chemical to the skin. Reddening of the skin or the beginning of a blister is a sign that life is not extinct. The third is a test, which does not need a physician to apply or interpret it. It is to tie a strong string tightly around the base of a finger, close to the palm. If the finger swells it is a sign of life.

Unfortunately, some physicians question the infallibility of this finger test, and the test by cutting an artery can be carried out properly only by a physician. Recently Sir Bernard Spillbury, Honorary Medical Adviser to the British Home Office and thus chief medical consultant to Scotland Yard, mentioned this test of a cut artery as the only sure one, an opinion also expressed by another London expert, Dr. Harrington Sansbury.

It is interesting that the ancient Greeks apparently knew of the danger of hasty burial and used the same test, for there is a tradition that the finger of a corpse was cut off before burial to make sure, by the absence of bleeding, that the supposed deceased was really dead.



SKETCH OF THE BIG BACCARAT TABLE AT NICE, BY THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH CARTOONIST, TIGRE.

From Left to Right: Mme. Ephrussi, the French Multi-Millionaire Widow, Who Lives at the Gaming Tables; Andre Citroen, the Rich Automobile Manufacturer, Whose Fortune Represents Motor Cars; Yves Mirande, the Famous Playwright, Whose Wealth Comes from the Plays He Writes, Such as "The Man in Evening Clothes," "La Bouche," "One Kiss." Next to Mirande is the Aga Khan, "Spiritual Leader" of the Indian Mohammedans, Whose Fortune Is Represented by Elephants and Jewels; Then a Prosperous Paris Man-Dressmaker, With His Different Gowns.

Behind Are Erskine Gwynne, Henri Letellier, With His Paris "Journal," and Jefferson Davis Cohn, With Some of His Pullman Cars.

On the Middle of the Table a Banco Is Ready. There Is a Champagne Bottle, a Citroen Car, the "Chasseur de Chez Maxime," an Elephant Belonging to Aga Khan and the Manikins.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull

Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kinnoull, Baroness Hay of Balhousie and Baroness Hay of Fowdardine.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that there are more women gamblers in London today, playing for higher stakes than ever before in the history of England's capital.

When a man has seen his last dollar go across the green baize table, he can gamble no more. As they say, "He has lost his shirt." When a woman has lost her shirt she still has one more thing to pledge and lose—her honor. A gambling debt is considered a debt of honor because it cannot be collected by any legal means. Sometimes women who have staked their hearts and lost, pay up and sometimes they wobble. In this they are neither better nor worse than the men. It is safe to say that all of the higher class gambling clubs of London have a bushel of bad checks, many of them with highly honored names.

I have said that in the night clubs such as my mother, Mrs. Kate Meyrick, and I conducted, there was a never-ending game of husband-grabbing, the women hunting the men for money and titles. In the gambling clubs, I would say that things are rather the other way around, the men hunting the women but not to marry them. There are many reasons why women now gamble as never before. The war impoverished many aristocratic and wealthy families so that the allowances their women receive from husbands and fathers no longer permit the ladies to live as they think befits their station in life.

"I might as well be broke as the way I am" is their philosophy and the lure of the green baize seizes them. They have heard of fabulous sums won in a night at baccarat, chemin de fer or roulette, for these happy occasions are boastfully advertised by the winners and also by the clubs for business reasons. Also they have heard of losses, though these are not so much advertised for obvious reasons.

No woman has been more familiar figure at the gambling resorts of the world than the charming Mrs. Jean Nash, now Madame Paul Dubonnet, wife of the well-known Parisian millionaire. She enjoyed a well-earned reputation of being "the best-dressed and most extravagant woman in the city." For a time Mrs. Nash was a familiar and brilliant figure at all the great gambling resorts of the Continent—Monte Carlo, Deauville, Cannes, etc.

In her very interesting reminiscences Mrs. Nash told about the most noted gamblers of Europe, how they lost and occasionally won. The most celebrated gambler in Europe was Mme. Ephrussi, a member of the Rothschild family. She had an income of about three million dollars a year, most of which was said to be lost regularly on the gambling tables.

During the Winter season on the Riviera, Mme. Ephrussi would hurry to the gambling tables when they opened just after lunch and stay there until after midnight. She would send for a sandwich at dinner. To satisfy the rules of the Casino she changed into evening clothes in the ladies' dressing room. As soon as the last hook was fastened she would hurry back to the table breathlessly, getting into the game immediately.

She had two magnificent estates on the Riviera, but she preferred to live in the Hotel du Rhin at Nice, because it is within a stone's throw of the Casino. Chateaux and high-powered

cars, a fast yacht with a big crew waited her commands, but they went on waiting, for she would not leave the green tables. She knew everything worth knowing about cards and gambling, but she did not make any money out of them. She was never down to her last cent, for her fortune is practically inexhaustible.

Mrs. Nash admits that she was almost invariably unlucky at the gambling tables. Her luck lay in other directions—love and so forth. She tells a curious story about the cynicism of the celebrated Cornuche, who built up Deauville. She had lost a fortune at the green tables, and was literally cleaned out. She had hosts of friends there, and one of them went to Cornuche and suggested that it would bring a lot of favorable publicity to the Casino if he would return about one-quarter of her losses, enabling her to return to Paris in comfort. To this Cornuche answered:

"Why, she has a pearl necklace that is worth at least \$50,000. Let her sell that and she can win all her money back."

Many gamble just for the thrill and excitement and because to do such things is part of woman's new freedom. Everyone, I think, has heard of crooked gambling, of fixed roulette wheels and various other dishonest tricks by which patrons of gambling places are fleeced. It may be news to some readers that this is only half the story, that the owners of gambling casinos and clubs have to be constantly on the alert to keep from being swindled by their patrons. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways and it is quite as easy and profitable to "set a wheel against the house" as for it.

This is the reason that each table or wheel is allowed only a certain amount of capital to lose in a single evening. When that is gone "the bank is broke" and that particular unit of the gambling institution suspends operations for the time being. This allows the proprietors to look into the matter and decide whether it is just a run of bad luck or that their croupier has been betraying them.

Let me say at once that no gambling has ever gone on at the "43" and the other clubs owned and run by my mother, Mrs. Meyrick. Our clubs have been night clubs, dance clubs. Gambling has had no part in their attractions for the visitors.

But a very intimate friend of mother's and of the family did make a venture in running a gambling club. She decided to take a short lease of a house in Hertford Street, Park Lane, which belonged to Lady—

It was one of those large Mayfair mansions with spacious rooms, and this friend of ours, whom I shall call Mrs. A., proceeded to equip it for roulette, chemin de fer and baccarat. A staff of servants was engaged, for the people who frequent the luxurious type of gambling club expect, and demand, the best attention from capable servants. I shall tell you later in detail how these London gambling dens are divided into three types: the big, luxury places in Mayfair and Belgrave where play is high and the people are of the most exclusive sets; the slightly smaller and more modest places in the near-suburbs where you get the sporting business man and women of all varieties; and lastly, the low-down den where the rakings of London's underworld congregate. I have seen them all.



Mrs. Ephrussi, One of the Enormously Wealthy Rothschild Family of France, on Her Way to the Gambling Casino at Monte Carlo.

Miss Jenny Dolly, Who Was Reported to Have Won \$500,000 at One of the French Gambling Casinos.

The club at Hertford Street ran exactly two months and in that time Mrs. A. lost many thousands of dollars. This is how it happened.

Everything was fitted out regardless of cost. The roulette table and wheel were the best that could be bought; there were wines of all descriptions served free at the call of the guests and sandwiches and light food provided. Croupiers were engaged to run the roulette game while the chemin de fer was controlled by another employee.

It was not long before our friend discovered that certain numbers and combinations were rolling up very frequently. Quite a number of the guests were people not personally known to Mrs. A., but were introduced by the members of the staff. For instance, one particular night in this Hertford Street mansion, the third dozen kept winning; that is to say that the number into which the ball rolled was between 25 and 36. Practically every one of the players present was backing the third dozen and that night the club's losses ran well over \$10,000.

The following day Mrs. A. went to a firm in Oxford Street who specialize in these things to have the wheel "trued" or tested. They sent a man along and after trying it carefully, he said that it had been tilted in such a manner as to make it almost certain that the ball would roll into numbers from 25 to 36. The tilting that had cost the club \$10,000 had been accomplished by forcing a coin under the base of the wheel at a point opposite 25 to 36.

Among the regular guests of the club was a woman who called herself Lady Constance Savile. Beyond knowing that she was no connection of the Earl of Mevorough—whose family name is Savile—I know little or nothing about the lady. She was a tall, sinuous creature with a face like chalk and hair of inky blackness; good-looking in a "vamp" style of beauty.

Sitting beside her one night was a New York man who was on a visit to London. His name was William D. Leedson. He had come to the 43 Club a good many times and he had gone round to Hertford Street to "have a flutter." His stakes that night (it happened to be in the club by the way) were \$100 a time to begin with, but later he increased as he was losing to \$500 and eventually to \$1,000.

He won, he lost. When he left at about 5 o'clock in the morning—for you must understand that at these gambling houses there are absolutely no limits of hours—he had lost about \$10,000 which, as he was a very wealthy Wall Street dealer, was no great matter.

Lady Constance Savile had sat beside him, occasionally staking a hundred dollars (\$20) or so to which she helped herself from the stack of notes that Mr. Leedson had at his elbow. You shall see from what I tell you later that this is quite a common habit both in London gambling dens and at European casinos. She left the club with him; that of course was her own affair and his.

Next day, Lady Constance called on Mrs. A. at her home. "I hadn't an opportunity last night," she began, "of speaking to you about it. But I thought I'd call today, as, of course, you realize it was I who brought Mr. Leedson last night along to Hertford Street. Now you're a business woman so I've come for my percentage on his losses. Call it 10 per cent. That'll be about \$1,000."

Mrs. A. stared at her. "Is it your idea then that I am running a club in Hertford Street for the purpose of getting people there and swindling them?" she said. "And that I employ decoys to bring along people like pigeons to pluck? If so, get that out of your head, my dear woman. I am running the place to make a profit, I hope. But as for paying you or anyone else a commission for introducing people—you are quite mistaken." Mrs. A. rose and rang the bell for a maid to show out Lady Constance Savile.

I never cease to marvel at the number of good-for-nothing people who make a living from commissions which they manage to wring from those who do all the work. I do not mean legitimate commissions, for the real estate agent or the stock broker who make sales for their clients really perform a service and earn their percentage. But it is almost impossible to make any sort of transaction without having a flock of human vermin turn up and demand some sort of rakeoff, usually on the pretext that they might have blocked the deal.

If all these worthless tenpercenters were forced to do something useful for a living instead of bleeding the persons who do the world's work, I am sure it would help a lot to end the present world depression. These commission vultures are vicious in their revenge when their demands are refused and Mrs. A. should have been on the watch for trouble.

The following evening Lady Constance went

Secrets of London

The Countess of Kinnoull

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London's Most Notorious Night Club

Her Titled Daughter of Mrs. Meyrick, and Manager of Other's Often-Raided Supper and Dance Resorts, Reveals Episodes Behind the Scenes With the Rich and Fashionable Patrons

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps no woman's name is better known in London than Mrs. Kate Meyrick, proprietor of several famous night clubs, and who has three times served a prison term for defying the law of serving liquor and keeping open after hours.

And while the illustrious mother was in her prison seclusion, Miss May Meyrick, her daughter, managed the clubs.

In these most exciting meeting grounds of the upper circles and the underworld, where champagne splashes the walls and there is enough ice in the cocktail shakers to take care of a fever hospital, Miss May met and soon married Lord Kinnoull. Thus the Night Club Queen's daughter became a member of the British Peerage; indeed, another daughter,

Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de Clifford.

"Lady May," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived in the artificial glitter of night club life ever since she graduated from fashionable Rosedale School, and knows everybody of wealth and title in and out of England. She has met the best and the worst of people, and has watched the ebb and flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and scandal which sometimes cast the victims into the divorce courts, financial ruin or a suicide's grave.

The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain of secrecy and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the famous night clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Meyrick and herself.

ound to Hertford Street again. This time she was with a different man, a man who played hemin de fer for quite small banks. Suddenly somewhere about 2 o'clock in the morning, Lady Constance started up, clutched her throat, and died out.

"My diamond pendant! I've lost it! Oh, my God, where can it have gone? I know for certain I had it when I came here."

At once everyone got up and there began a hunt for the lost jewel. There was a party and a derby duke and two other peers on their hands and knees. All the people present were very well known in social circles. The floor and everywhere around the table was thoroughly searched but Lady Constance's pendant remained found.

She stood in the centre of the room with a pale expression on her face.

"Huh," she ejaculated, "can't find it! All I can say is that someone has stolen it. That pendant is worth \$4,000. It's got to be found. And if it isn't..." she looked round the room with a baleful glare.

It wasn't found and she left the club. Two nights later, a squad of police knocked at the door of the club and then they rushed in. It was a raid; but it did not succeed. For our friend Mrs. A. had sufficient time to get warning before the police ran upstairs, and she and one people present managed to cover up all the gambling things and to spread out cards as if for bridge which is, of course, a perfectly legal game.

The police went away again; I don't think as matter of fact that their job was altogether to their taste. Later on, Mrs. A. made judicious inquiries and she found that the reason for their visit had been that Lady Constance Savile had one to Vine Street and had laid information there that she "had lost a very valuable diamond pendant which she really believed had been stolen from her."

"Where was this?" asked the officer in charge.

"Oh, in a gambling den in Hertford Street," she replied. And so, by the action which they took the police to take, Lady Constance punished Mrs. A. for not paying her commission as a decoy she wanted to be.

I would just like to add that when the club closed down, with still three months of the lease run, there were over \$15,000 worth of dishonored checks in Mrs. A.'s hands. Because you see, taking 10 per cent for the cagnotte, or shoe, at hemin de fer, it is a point of etiquette for a club accept checks from the players and if they are turned as no good, one has no redress in law at all. In this instance, the striking thing was that most of the checks bore the signatures of some of society's leading people, those who belong to the upper Ten, or as it is called in New York, I understand, the Four Hundred.

I think I can claim to know practically all the leading clubs in London where the play at bacarat, chemin (chemin de fer) and roulette reaches into figures that would stagger even Monte Carlo, and Deauville, or Le Touquet.

There are of course those other smaller ones in the suburbs, which I shall describe later. They are usually run by men who have been croqueters at the big Mayfair and West End gambling places. They never last very long for sooner or later information is given against them and they are raided.

People have talked a great deal recently about Jenny Dolly—of the Dolly Sisters—whose brother Eddie, by the way, was at one time a very frequent visitor to the "43 Club"—having won and lost \$500,000 at Le Touquet. I suppose it would surprise most people when I tell them I know a house not far from Hyde Park corner where hardly a week passes but what \$1,000,000 change hands.

Some of the papers were inclined to doubt the genuineness of Miss Dolly's big winnings. They called it "stage money," intimating that

she had given the story out just for personal publicity. I do not happen to know how much real money she made, if any. But if it was fiction, the plot probably was concocted by the casino management and Jenny ought to have been well paid for acting the painful part of a big winner. That story was fine advertising for the casino and no doubt brought a horde of men and women hoping to do likewise.

But for the person who is supposed to have made the "killing" such a story is a calamity that sets another pack of ravening commission hounds on his trail. The honest salesman is not so bad; it is the army of charity sand-baggers who work on a commission basis, often getting as high as 50 per cent of what they collect. The charity for which they are working is honest and worthy enough, but the collectors, many of them society women, stop at almost nothing, even blackmail to make their victims contribute. These charity percenters scan the papers for news of persons who have just gotten money and then Heaven help them.

I am going to tell you now some of the cases, which I know about first hand, of women—and of course men—of title and high position in London society who have won and lost fortunes. I know these cases because in most of the instances I know the people themselves, and you may believe me when I say that very little indeed in the way of scandal in the West End missed being whispered at one or other of our clubs.

I had better show you first what the inside of one of these gaming palaces is like. I will take one I have visited several times in the company of a well-known Peer and his wife.

Outwardly the house, which is not a hundred yards from Piccadilly, is one of those six or seven-storyed mansions so usual in Mayfair and Belgravia. You would never hear "the sounds of revelry by night" coming from it. It might indeed belong to a Bishop as far as that goes.

Knocking at the door, you would find it very cautiously opened and the callers would be inspected carefully. At this place I am writing about, a password was given to the regular guests and it was changed every few nights to ensure that no Peeping Tom might enter.

Admitted, we go inside a dimly-lit hall, spacious, with marble staircase leading up from the end of it. Upstairs on a half landing we find cloakrooms both for the men and women. The servants who take over our wraps and coats are of that excellently trained, quiet-moving type you will find in any English aristocrat's house.

On the first floor, we enter a very large room. The windows are shuttered and covered with thick velvet curtains drawn inside them. Not even a chink of light can be seen from outside. The room is the drawing-room with an ante-room divided off by folding doors that stretch to the lofty ceiling, and it runs the entire depth of the house.

In one half of the room there is a large green-topped table with a roulette wheel at one end and round it are men and women all in the most correct evening dress. No other attire is allowed here. These are Europe's richest and most highly-placed gamblers.

In the other is a chemin de fer table with the "shoe" or cagnotte at one end. Here too are men and women who have come on, in many cases, from some big political or diplomatic reception. Most of them bear well-known titles; all of them are the type whose pictures and names appear weekly in the gossip columns and the society journals in England. There are no pseudo-aristocrats here. Each individual has the hallmark of genuine birth, unless you would except a sprinkling of men whose skins are swarthy and betoken the wealthy South American and each one is in the throes of the gambling fever.

Swift-moving men-servants in knee breeches and silk stockings attend to anyone who calls for sandwiches or drinks. Yes, it is quite true that one can have any drink he asks for, mixed for



"Lady Dorothy had a weak nature and accepted the invitation of the Argentine millionaire to have tea at his apartment and talk over the money he had advanced her for gambling. 'Naturally, I don't know the details of what happened there. But it came in this: The Argentine man had told Lady Dorothy how much he admired her, and that so far as he was concerned, 'If only you would let me be your friend, if only, for instance, you would just permit me a little kiss—let us forget this so silly business of the thousand dollars—'

"I dare say that was about the only time in her rather worthless life that Lady Dorothy K— had taken up a firm stand about anything. She rose promptly to her feet.

"One thousand dollars," she told him, 'is a lot of money to me at present. Much more, I know, than it is to you. But I put a far bigger value on what you are asking than that figure. So please, Mr. C—, will you show me downstairs and I shall ask my father to send you a check for the money.'"

him, and any quantity of the best champagne, absolutely free. This may seem to those who have never frequented a big high-class gambling institution as an extravagance which thirsty guests might well abuse. As a matter of fact it costs the house comparatively little. The guests are there to gamble for high stakes and to do that with any hope of success, especially at hemin de fer, one needs a clear head without much drink or food either. At such places they drink and eat sparingly, but smoke prodigiously.

This particular house I am telling you about is run by a man I know personally, a youngish man, though his guests are of all ages. He is from Eton and Oxford and his thin, rather delicate-looking face is that of a man of excellent breeding. It is only in his eyes and some curious expression about them that you might be able to find any trace of his having served quite a long term of imprisonment for fraud. But the guests do not know that.

One of the most regular visitors to this house when I used to go there myself fairly often was Lady Dorothy K— the twenty-four-year-old daughter of a Duke. And there is this story connected with her which I happen to have partly

witnessed and all of which I can vouch to be true.

Lady Dorothy started gambling when she was still at school, a "seminary" near Ascot to which none but children of the aristocracy are admitted as pupils. She was expelled from H— House for being found throwing poker dice with the gardener and another man for 25 cents a time. Gambling is the breath of life to her.

She was duly presented at Court in spite of her expulsion which was hushed up, and then she embarked on a hectic career. Night clubs, bridge parties in the afternoon, and everything that could offer her the slightest excitement. She became one of the Bright Young People, a sect in society that goes in for pajama and bottle parties, organizes "treasure hunts" in the West End, and plays practical jokes on friends.

Lady Dorothy had an allowance, I was told, of somewhere about \$3,000 a year. It was nothing like enough to minister to her wants which were many and extravagant. She ran up credit accounts at dressmakers, at lingerie shops, at lux-

The Poison Gas Mask in Modern Life

Not Only in War Where Soldiers, Horses, Dogs and Carrier Pigeons Are Masked but Those Employed in Peaceful Industry Are Safeguarded Against Dangerous Dusts and Gases.

As Might Have Been Expected, the Modern Tear Gas Idea Was First Conceived by the Chinese Who Harked "Chin-Kong" in Campaigns Many Centuries Ago.

State Trooper or Prison Warden With Pistol, Shooting Tear Gas While He Is Protected From the Poison Fumes.

ONE of the most remarkable and unexpected results of the World War has been the widespread use of the poison gas mask in ordinary life. While many events and results of the war are quite forgotten by the average man, poison gas and the poison gas mask are becoming more important every day.

Gas is an essential feature of our lives. Man lives in a great zone of gas—the air—without which life cannot exist. Any important chemical change in the composition of this zone makes it a poison. There are innumerable ways of poisoning the air, and it is clear that civilized man in his future struggles for supremacy will turn all his ingenuity in this direction. It was proved in Belgium the other day that a thick natural fog, combined with the smoke of certain factories, could become a deadly poison gas.

Poison gas has not proved solely a danger to human life. Before the war men were suffocated in large numbers in consequence of every-day accidents. Liberated poison gas, but since that great catastrophe experience has shown that a good poison gas mask will protect them, and the mask has certainly saved hundreds of lives.

Fires producing great quantities of suffocating smoke, the use of gas bombs by criminals, innumerable accidents in industry, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and many other emergency calls for the use of poison gas masks on a large scale.

The gas mask has played an important part in dealing with criminals. All police departments are, of course, furnished with gas bombs of several types to cope with rioters and criminals who are disinclined to come out in the open. Tear gas bombs are usually effective against rioters. In dealing with desperate, well-armed criminals holding a house or fortified position, the police must employ suffocating bombs. Then in order that they may enter the poisoned area, they need gas masks.

Most police forces are now using pistols with which a moderate amount of gas can be discharged quickly and accurately. The Baltimore police recently used these weapons effectively in quelling an outbreak of convicts. The many recent desperate uprisings of convicts all over the country have created new problems for the authorities. It is difficult to maintain a force of keepers large enough to quell a well organized convict rebellion. But if the keepers can throw gas bombs before the majority of the convicts have broken out of their cells they have them at their mercy. Then they can put on their gas masks and handle the helpless convicts.

The use of the gas mask is no longer confined to man, and many intelligent animals are being trained to wear this protection. If the cavalry soldier has to ride through a gas barrage, his horse needs a gas mask even more than he does, and the United States cavalry horses are now provided with them.

Dogs were found of great value in war because they could sniff out a hidden mine or exposed ground with a message where a man would almost certainly have been shot, but they were liable to be suffocated by poison gas. Today they are trained to run in gas masks—much as they dislike them.

Hospital nurses are being drilled in the use of gas masks for several reasons. Destructive fires have occurred in hospitals, at which the nurses found themselves unable to rescue the helpless patients because the wards were filled with suffocating smoke. The gas masks are expected to prevent those accidents from having such deadly consequences. Doctors and nurses also need the masks when they are sent out to rescue persons overcome in gas filled rooms and in various other emergencies.

It has been found that there are many industries which give rise to noxious gases or injurious dust and in which gas masks would save life or prevent sickness. Experiments are being made along this line. Russian women field workers in the Ukraine are now using gas masks in connection with treating the nose, throat and lungs when they are operating threshing machines. This dust has been the cause of a great deal of tuberculosis and sickness among agricultural laborers.

Industrial conditions say that there are many other occupations where the wearing of gas masks would save life and health.

In many cases gas masks have been of valuable service in the treatment of diseases. They are utilized as a means of holding a healing gas against the skin or throat of a sufferer. Gas masks have been used with great success in the treatment of asthma by Dr. E. Frankel and Dr. Elie Levy at their hospital in Berlin. The apparatus holds the healing gas in contact with the mucous membrane in a way which was formerly not possible. In this way some of the worst cases, which would not yield to any other treatment, have been cured.



Hospital Attendants in Gas Masks Being Trained in Rescue Work in Gas Filled Rooms. A Dummy Representing a Human Being Is Used in the Practice Work. Above is a Photograph of Russian Women Field Workers Wearing Gas Masks to Protect the Nose, Throat and Lungs From the Dust From the Threshing Machines.



Styles in Gas Masks and Safety Hoods—The Different Designs Are for Use in Different Fields of Industry.

The mask has also proved invaluable to men engaged in rescuing miners overcome with poisonous gases at the bottom of coal mines and other mines.

The old Chinese were ahead of us in some of our most important modern inventions, and, as might have been expected, they were the first to think of using poison gas in war. Their famous "Chin-Kong" which they introduced over two thousand years ago were evidently early applications of the poison gas idea.

The stinkpots were usually filled with a mixture of burning sulphur and saltpetre. The fumes of sulphur make life impossible in an enclosed space. The saltpetre is necessary to keep up combustion. Sulphur is an abundant natural product in China and the scientists of the Celestial Empire conducted chemical researches ages before European science came into existence. Decaying animals and even more repulsive substances were mixed with the sulphur and saltpetre to make the stinkpot more effective. The decaying animal substances helped to spread disease among the enemy.

The stinkpots were exceedingly effective when thrown into a trench, building or ship. On falling they broke, spreading suffocation, disease and confusion all around. The Chinese soldier

is usually represented as throwing his stinkpot by hand, but these missiles were also propelled by catapults which could send them to a distance of eight hundred feet.

On every hand one can find indications that the poison gas idea has entered deeply into everyday life. When politicians find themselves attacked in an underhand manner by their enemies, they call it a poison gas attack, and the same simile is common in many lines of activity. And, of course, a shrewd, up-to-date politician has to have a figurative gas mask handy.

German scientists have been congratulating themselves on the great contribution they made to human progress by first introducing poison gas in modern war and on its subsequent applications in civil life. But their satisfaction in this achievement is lessened by the knowledge that the French have 4,000 airplanes, which can drop poison gas all over Germany. It is calculated that a few of these planes could render any city in the world uninhabitable in a few hours. Germany is forbidden to build airplanes, but she may have gas masks.

Apparently, victory in war in future will go to the power having the most poison gas and the most airplanes to distribute it. By the use of bombs and poison gas the victor can destroy all

cities, paralyze all industry and organized life within the enemy's territory and thus make the continuance of war impossible. It has been decided that in future wars the police will distribute poison gas masks to all the non-combatant population, but these are effective for only forty-eight hours. The best way of meeting a gas attack is to drop the gas first in the other fellow's territory. Science is making great efforts to find ways of circumventing the gas mask as a defence. There are several gases of the type known as "tearers" and these have been found useful in interfering with putting on the gas mask. Then there are gases which injure the skin without being inhaled.

If these can be developed to the point where they will cause death or disablement, the gas mask will be useless and important progress will have been made in gas warfare.

Mustard gas attacks the skin even through the clothing with a blistering or burning effect. It affects all the mucous surfaces, and acting on the eyes induces blindness, usually temporary. When inhaled it may cause death by bronchial pneumonia.

Mustard gas is one of the most treacherous of gases. It is also one of the most persistent. It will remain effective in trenches and excavations beneath the surface of the ground for an indefinite period. The vesicators, or blistering gases, are odorless and can reach the victim without warning and unfit him for action.

Cyanogen gas, even in concentrations as weak as 1 in 1,000, will cause immediate death. Chlorine, the most commonly used gas, produces poisonous hydrochloric acid on contact with the moisture of the mouth, throat and lungs and leads to prostration, or sometimes death. In strong concentrations it may cause death by producing a spasm of the throat. This gas is usually discharged from cylinders.

Phosgene, or carbonyl chloride, is a very dangerous gas, because the effect is delayed, and the victim is often not aware that he has been gassed. It may cause sudden death as long as forty-eight hours after exposure.

There are many sneezing gases, but one of them, named diphenylchlorarsine, is remarkable because it produces an unbearable headache. A victim with this headache is incapable of thought, and will consent to any proposition, however disadvantageous.

The standard type of gas mask consists of a facepiece into which enters a flexible tube issuing from a metal container holding chemicals which neutralize the air. The tube ends in a mouth-piece which fits closely to the lips, while the nostrils are closed by a nose-clip. The eye-pieces are made of non-breakable glass.

The containers are filled with alternate layers of charcoal and chemicals which neutralize various kinds of gases. The charcoal absorbs the gases and the granules neutralize the solution of hypophosphite, soda and Eucalypti.

Science has also exercised its ingenuity in discovering remedies to counteract the gases that act directly upon the skin. A substance called sapone is used to protect the skin against mustard gas.

Protective suits and gloves lined with the paste are also used for the same purpose. Blankets soaked with heavy oils are employed to protect cellars and shelters against heavy settling gases. Some distinguished experts in chemical warfare entertain the hope that in the next great conflict the entire earth will be covered with poison gas.

Dogs for Messenger Service in War Carry a Mask on the Animal's Breast in a Satchel Which Is Slipped Over His Head When Necessary Arises.

The study given to the war gas mask led to the construction of a mask for aviators, which enables them to reach much greater altitudes than would have been possible before the war. While the planes have, of course, greatly increased in power they were not equipped to resist the effects of cold and rarefied air at great altitudes. This is done through the gas mask. A modified form of the gas mask has been used with splendid results in saving people from drowning. The lifesaver equipped with a gas mask containing oxygen is able to rescue people caught in wreckage or held under water in various ways.

The Cavalryman and His Horse Must Be Protected Against Poison Gas.

against chlorine. Phosgene gas is neutralized by the deadly phosgene gas and hyaline is a protection against prussic acid. Science has also exercised its ingenuity in discovering remedies to counteract the gases that act directly upon the skin. A substance called sapone is used to protect the skin against mustard gas. Protective suits and gloves lined with the paste are also used for the same purpose. Blankets soaked with heavy oils are employed to protect cellars and shelters against heavy settling gases. Some distinguished experts in chemical warfare entertain the hope that in the next great conflict the entire earth will be covered with poison gas.



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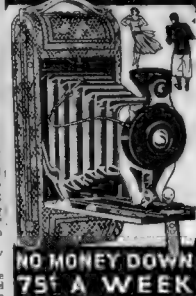
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 City/State _____
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WHEN the veteran detective sergeant retired from the force he invested \$20,000 of his savings in a roadhouse. The house was situated in the vicinity of a colony of wealthy cottagers, who drove fast horses and automobiles, and enjoyed a good meal without grumbling at the price.

The ex-sergeant's roadhouse soon gained a reputation that caused it to bring in a revenue that astonished even the proprietor himself. The prosperity of the place was so well known that it was not surprising that, one night, a burglar made his way into the establishment.

As the burglar approached the safe he intended to rob, the light from his electric lamp revealed the fact that the safe was open. Judging from the scraps of

checks and some small coins scattered about the floor, the thief had preceded him.

As the burglar cautiously switched his lamp to the left, the shaft of light fell on the body of a man lying on the floor.

Lined, a man and bruised showed that the prostrate man had been dealt several blows. The burglar listened intently, but could hear no sound of breathing. Strong as his nerves were, he felt a thrilling chill creeping over him as he realized that he was in the presence of a murdered man. The burglar stood gazing at the corpse, frightened, but fascinated. He forgot about his errand as he stared at the ghastly figure on the floor, and wished that the corpse might come to life. Then he would not

be afraid. He could fight the living man and render him helpless without killing him. Of that the thief was confident, because he had never had to take a human life, although he had had many encounters with men whom he had robbed. The first burglar had been a bungler. He need not have committed murder. So thought the man who stood and studied the silent, motionless thing that lay before him.

Yet he feared to approach near enough to the body to touch it. His terror was so overwhelming that his faculties were, in a measure, paralyzed, and he will never know how long he stood there, in benumbed fright, before he realized his danger.

At last it occurred to the

shivering burglar that if he were caught there, he would be accused of murder and robbery. He was aware that in that event, nothing but suicide could save him from the electric chair. Even when he recognized his own peril and thought how absurd it was to remain where he was especially as there was no chance for any profit after the visit of the first thief, the trembling robber could scarcely force himself to leave the scene that *alled him* with the agony of fear.

But, in time, the thief regained his mental equilibrium, and quit the roadhouse. As there was nothing regarding the murder in the newspapers the next morning, the burglar surmised that news of the crime had not transpired in season for the early editions. But as the day progressed and he heard no rumors of the murder, his amusement grew apace until the afternoon newspapers appeared without a mention of the tragedy. Then the burglar was so astounded that he could scarcely refrain from speaking of the crime to the persons with whom he came in contact in the Summer colony.

But, even if he were one of the leading members of the colony, he knew that he could not afford to take the risk of being the first to mention such a crime as that which had been committed.

Unable to stand the suspense longer, the burglar drove to the roadhouse at 8 p. m. and ordered dinner. He fully expected to hear the murder discussed there, and depended upon that circumstance to afford an opportunity for him to relieve his mind.

But not a word was said about the murder or robbery. There was not the slightest sign of excitement. Everything was being conducted in the usual, orderly manner. But the boy thoroughly dazed burglar did not see the proprietor of the place, and, so fearful was the robber of arousing suspicion, he would not ask for the missing man. The burglar could not see the safe in the dining room, and, therefore, could not obtain an excuse from

that quarter for broaching the sole subject upon which his mind was centered.

As the burglar drove home, he wondered if the roadhouse people were keeping the crime secret for the purpose of detecting the criminal by luring him, through fatal curiosity, to the scene of the tragedy. Or, could the whole business have been a dream? Or, worse was he losing his mind and having hallucinations?

For hours that night the thief brooded over the different phases of the case as they capered through his brain. By an irresistible impulse he was drawn toward the roadhouse. At first he persuaded himself that he went there to see if the real burglar, confused by the mysterious silence regarding the crime, would return. Then the disappointed robber realized that it would be impossible to keep such a secret if there had been a thickly settled region, so he dismissed the theory of suppression of the news. If he did not see the affair one way or another, there could be no doubt that he would become insane. The burglar could no more resist the impulse to enter the roadhouse than he could live without breathing.

Once inside, the robber quickly reached the little room containing the safe, and there lay the corpse that had shocked him on the previous night. The safe was open, and coins and checks were scattered about the floor.

After casting a hurried glance around the room, the now completely terrified burglar turned off the light, and swiftly retreated.

"I was no dream," he mused. "Can it be that those people at the roadhouse don't know there has been murder done in the room where that—thing is? Are they under the impression that the landlord is away from home, and unaware of his fate?"

Suddenly the burglar stopped, whirled around, and walked rapidly to the roadhouse.

"I haven't dreamed," he muttered, as though angry. "I am not crazy, but I have been a consummate fool. That corpse is what the ex-detective calls, in police parlance, a plant. Honest folks would call it a scare-crow. Knowing that an energetic operator has been busy recently in this community, and, having no confidence in the police service, because of his experience in the business, the ex-detective has rigged up his 'plant' to deceive honest burglars. He came near fooling me but thank goodness, I have come to at last. He must have something worth while, or he wouldn't go to all the trouble and doze nightly to induce a big chamber of horrors. And I'll stake my professional reputation that his money is right in the safe, the door of which is purposely left open to lead to the impression in the mind of a confiding robber that the strong box has been rifled by a member of his own craft. Any man that is guilty of casting such a reflection on the profession deserves to be just what that stupid fool is about to receive at my hands."

Within a few minutes after having indulged in the above recited self-communion, the burglar had vented the roadhouse, abstracted a large roll of money from the safe, and was once more on his way home, exclaiming himself for the commission of his crime by saying as he always did, that it was for the sake of his lovely wife, who had no suspicion of his hazardous calling.

"We will see, now, whether there will be anything said about it," said the burglar to himself, as he turned in at 2 a. m.

But there wasn't. Once more the burglar was mystified.

After waiting for the evening editions of the daily papers, and seeing no mention of the roadhouse robbery, the burglar again rode over to the ex-detective's place for dinner. As on the day before, the business of the establishment was being conducted as usual, and there was nothing to indicate the knowledge of a robbery on the part of the persons present.

But this time the proprietor was in evidence. When the burglar had finished his dinner, the landlord took a seat opposite the customer and invited him to have a cigar, at the same time laying out the table in front of the burglar a reversed check for the meal.

The two men smoked and chatted about politics and other trifles, until the day for fifteen minutes before the burglar picked up the check and looked at it. He saw it was for \$5,000.

As he did so, he gave a violent start and exclaimed:

"It was only a thousand."

"We will call it \$5,000," coolly put in the ex-detective. "I will give you if you have to go anywhere to get the money, but you don't get out of my sight until I get the \$5,000."

Within two hours the money had been paid to the ex-detective. As the two men were then on an even footing in the matter of

crime, the burglar said to the landlord:

"I confess I don't understand why you lumbered up that room as you did. What was all that truck for? What was your object?"

"It was to protect my money. I knew it was almost a certainty I would have a call from a burglar, and I expected that he would be a common, ignorant ruffian who would be frightened away by the gruesome spectacle, but it seems that I was mistaken. It did scare you apparently."

"It frightened the wits out of me the first night I was there."

"Were you there more than once?"

"Certainly. Didn't you know it?"

"No. I didn't know you were there at all until you divulged your guilt by the start you gave and the exclamation you made when you looked at the check for your dinner this evening. I was away when the job was done. When I found I had been robbed I concluded that I would say nothing about it until I had tried the simple test that caught you. It occurred to me that the thief who robbed my safe in the face of the horrible exhibit made to keep robbers at a distance must be a man of intelligence and nerve. I surmised that such a man would do the wisest thing that anybody guilty of the robbery could do; that is, come to the place and avert suspicion by leisurely eating a meal while he made observations. I hit upon the \$5,000 check scheme, and you were the fifth man I tried it on. The other four accepted it as a joke or calmly said I must have been drinking to get twisted like that. Of course, I apologized, and had the check corrected."

"If I had pretended to take it as a joke or told you you had been drinking, would you have apologized to me?"

"Certainly."

"Good-night!"

"Good-night! Call again!"

The End.

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 these for your wave!



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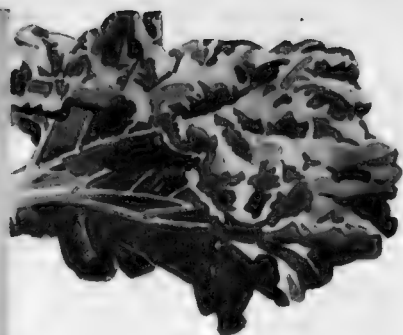
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HAS IT!



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We got the idea from Nature. And we used Nature's idea, too, when we made Heinz Rice Flakes taste so good. Nature doesn't approve of making foods "good-for-you," without

making them good to eat, too. And neither do we! So you'll find these crisp little flakes every bit as delicious as other famous foods of the "57 Varieties."

Send for two generous trial packages—
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Mail the coupon for two trial packages of Heinz Rice Flakes—enough for six generous servings—free! Try the golden-brown flakes in milk or cream. See how crisp they stay. Taste them. Enjoy them—every day! You can trust Heinz Rice Flakes to do the rest.

Remember, too, that children especially love these crisp, crunchy flakes. And they need their corrective help just as much as you do. So let them have plenty of Heinz Rice Flakes for breakfast—and for lunch or after school.

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Heinz Rice Flakes not only furnish all the energy and nourishment of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose*—one of the gentlest and most effective correctives known to man.

H. J. Heinz Company spent eight years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to Heinz Rice Flakes. During those eight years, and since then, careful tests have proved that Heinz Rice Flakes have the same *corrective* quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs you no more.



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WILDROOT WAVE SET
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WHEN YOU ARE ASKED what magazine has the greatest number of readers in the world, you will be correct if you name the American Weekly, because it is the most interesting weekly magazine in America.



Look younger... feel better
Your looks, your skin, your alertness, your charm and attraction, depend upon your internal cleanliness!

Loss of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 19)

on Hendry's bed with closed eyes. Presently he tried to sit up. Carol forced him back. She and Hendry acted each an enemy and held the sick man down in spite of his struggles. He opened his fever-bright eyes and began to talk.

"Don't check him," Hendry warned. "Just hold him still. He'll tire himself and maybe it'll make him sleep."

The hoarse voice went on, shattering the peace of the warm night until Hendry's boys in their huts woke and stirred and listened uneasily to Sirul's ravings. Carol and Hendry sat motionless with set faces, hearing because they must the secrets of a man's heart.

"Don't heed him," Hendry said presently. "I'm not hearing," Carol told him.

Yet how could she but heed when her name was ever on those dry lips? Hendry's boys in their huts woke and stirred and listened uneasily to Sirul's ravings. Carol and Hendry sat motionless with set faces, hearing because they must the secrets of a man's heart.

Hendry called at last, and two of the Kankas boys came hurrying to the bed. At Hendry's word one of them gripped the arm which Carol could no longer control. The other flung himself on the restless bed.

On a packing case labeled "Forest Canned Pork and Beans, Beehive Brand" a smoking lamp burned. Through the open window borders of soft-wind moths fluttered to their doom. The wash of the waves came faintly. How long was it since Kahva and Puhke had set out with a lantern as the prow of their catamaran? And whom—what would they bring back?

"Happen you'll sleep," Carol said obediently. Hendry went into the store to find the blanket. Hendry had laid out for her. The noise of the door opened and she wandered out, away from the sight of that restless figure on the bed, away from the sound of that voice. But her thoughts, released from the strain of Bruce's ravings, fluttered instantly on Marlowe.

She paced up and down, under the immensity of the night sky. The menace of Sirul loomed before her, not could she bid herself of the memory of his hands, his eyes, his cruel, smiling mouth. If he and Marlowe had joined battle one of them must be dead.

She strained her eyes towards West. Height that showed dark and humped against the stars. Round there the boat must return, with the lantern bobbing across the water like a yellow cherry. But there was no sight yet. She turned back to the store, heart sick.

A boy came to her excitedly, saying, "Oh, Carol, Hendry says come all same quick. Sirul, he very bad, maybe all same die."

Together they hurried into the room at the back. Hendry and Carol stared half of Bruce. He was struggling fiercely, and ever his bandages a sinister stain spread slowly.

"Carol," said Hendry at sight of her. "See if you can quiet him. He missed you from the room. If he starts to bleed again, he'll be all up w' him."

She went and stood by the bed, crouched down at the flushed neck of the boy.

"Bruce," he knew her and mids as if to

rise. The boys redoubled their efforts. "Lie still," said Carol. "He ceased to struggle, and lay back exhausted. "You were right," the hoarse voice told her. "I don't want to die. I can't forget her, Carol. Every time I turn away she's there. I want to see her."

He jerked free from the pressure of the boys.

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"A hard fight," he said at last. "You've got some nasty marks, Marlowe. I'll have one of the boys give you a rub with oil in the morning. How long since you slept, eh? Then lie down this very minute. There's a blanket was put here for Carol. You'll not be afraid to sleep in the same room as Ridley?"

Marlowe shook his head.

So they slept till dawn, the living and the dead, slept till the sound of voices at sunrise announced the return of Van Kloor.

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and his men from the Kloor's heart at the sight of that still body with its shattered shoulder and bloodstained hair. How many schemes had they planned together—they and Fanchon. But Fanchon lay dead at the house under the boom of the hull.

Van Kloor dropped on his knees and bent intently over the dead face. The high cheekbones, the red mullen mouth—where had he—what vague likeness—?

He stood up trembling slightly, his mind in a whirl. Chance, chance, and nothing more. Yet he called to Hendry in a voice of the hills.

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY FEAR OF FEAR By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements A Thrilling Story of Love, "Spooks" and Mystery

spiring boys and held out his arms till Carol caught the hot hands in hers.

"Lie still," she begged him. "It's dangerous to move like this, lie still."

"Marlowe—" "He'll be here soon," said Hendry, watching Carol's quivering lips.

The restless head on the pillow began again to turn from side to side, seeking comfort and finding none.

"Carol," said the longing voice, "Carol, Carol."

Hendry was clapping on fresh bandages. His tired face wore a look of grave concern.

"For the love of heaven make him keep still," he said as he flung aside the sodden clothes.

"Carol... Carol..." "Lift up," said Carol to the boy.

They raised Bruce between them. Carol seated herself on the bed. She gathered the wounded man into her arms. The fair heavy head lay against her shoulder. The hot face pressed close against her brow. She began to cry.

"He's not dead," she said in a quiet voice. He lay quite still, listening. Gradually his mind turned away from the horrors of delirium. He had a queer notion that he was drowning in a warm sea. It didn't matter much because Carol was with him. He slid into heavy, dreamless sleep.

Her voice ceased, but she did not relax her hold. Hendry, watching those two tragic faces, wondered what had passed between them. He turned to Carol to lay Bruce down, but she shook her head. The fatigue which stole over her crumpled body turned her thoughts from Marlowe. The small hand of the loud-speaking American clock pointed to two. Whatever had happened the catamaran should have returned by now. Hendry stole to the door and peered out. He came back, shaking his head. The boys sat against the wall, dozing, ready to spring if Sirul should open his eyes.

Hours before, Hendry had sent a boy after the search-party that were beating the woods to bid them return. Surely they would be back soon? Surely something must happen soon to break the spell which bound this haunted night?

Carol stared straight in front of her. Was that the sound of a catamaran being dragged up the beach? Hendry threw back his head to listen. On tiptoe he went out of the room. She heard his steps outside, and a distant shout. Her heart began to beat violently. What had it brought for her out of the heart of the night? Oh, why was there this sudden silence? What was Hendry doing down there so long? It must be that he was afraid to come back, afraid to bring the evil tidings which should make her life cease to be worth living. Ridley, the conqueror, had triumphed. Soon she would see him, leering at her, triumphing over her as he described the way he had slain Marlowe.

Slow, measured steps on the sand, the measured steps of those who carried a burden. They came up the sand and along the beach road and into the store. She caught the flash of a lantern. They were carrying someone in and laying him down on the blanket. Carol's breath spread hastily on the floor. Through the door between the rooms she had a glimpse of Hendry's shoulders bent over a dark head.

Someone was leaning against the door-frame, someone with a white, tired face and a body that drooped with fatigue. She flung a hand to her mouth to stifle a cry. Marlowe strode across the room until he stood beside her. She signed to him not to touch her lest he should wake the man in her arms. But he took her flushed face between his hands and kissed her mouth before he went back again to where Hendry and the boys stood by Ridley in the store. He pulled the door shut behind him as Hendry hastened to fetch whiskey.

So they slept till dawn, the living and the dead, slept till the sound of voices at sunrise announced the return of Van Kloor.

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and his men from the Kloor's heart at the sight of that still body with its shattered shoulder and bloodstained hair. How many schemes had they planned together—they and Fanchon. But Fanchon lay dead at the house under the boom of the hull.

Van Kloor dropped on his knees and bent intently over the dead face. The high cheekbones, the red mullen mouth—where had he—what vague likeness—?

He stood up trembling slightly, his mind in a whirl. Chance, chance, and nothing more. Yet he called to Hendry in a voice of the hills.

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by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 16)

ly, not in the least concerned over Conchita's furious love for Carlos.

"This," chuckled Luis. "After being disturbed by the earthquake last night, I had the thought of my room ajar. I was thinking about you, how desirable you were, how difficult to be obtained what Luis is denied. The charming stoniness pretends to the virtuous. But—well, her admirer, Luis knows better."

Although Adora asked that question on a note of angry innocence, she had sensed somehow instinctively what answer Luis would give to her question. It followed on a cynical leer.

"As I peeped out from my open door at a faint sound last night, what did I see? The anxious Carlos carrying you in his arms from his room and taking you back to your own and a good deal of kissing and petting going on inside afterwards, as well. You have been all the while, of course, the mistress of Carlos."

"You insult both Carlos and me!" flamed Adora heatedly. "There is not a word of truth in your suggestion. I am innocent. I was frightened by the earthquake and ran for safety to Carlos' room. If you must know, he and I are to be married. He went today to Saranosa to bring the priest here."

"Did he?"

"The face of Luis underwent a change. His sombrero shadowed it from the flame of the afternoon sun, but Adora saw his eyes gleamed menacingly, while the thin lips curled into a sneer of triumph. They were standing at the time in the shade of a tree at the far end of the garden, towards which Adora had been walking slowly, when joined by the wind stirring the leaves of the winding stair of the jungle track and perhaps seeing the figure of her Carlos returning with the priest."

But there was as yet no sign of them, and Adora suddenly felt afraid of Luis, from whom she shrank back and turned to make for the house. But Luis grabbed her by the wrist and, holding her by the wrist, swinging her towards him.

"Going to be married to Carlos, are you?" he rasped under his breath, and laughed. "And you really think that? Not if I can help it. Nor would I have let you go to England. You are fated to be mine, pretty little dove."

"Unholy me, Luis, and don't talk such nonsense!" blazed Adora, struggling in his hold. "Do you want me to tell Carlos of your behavior? If I did, I believe he would almost want to kill you."

"Carlos will never have that chance!" laughed Luis. "Nor will you ever see Carlos again. I have arranged everything so that Carlos shall never know what has become of you. But I shall know, and—while he is away, I will have you all to myself. You are dead—you will be mine!"

"You are mad, Luis. In spite of myself Adora felt the shadow of definite fear creep over her. What did you mean? What have you arranged?"

"Then as, from behind her, some one clapped a cloth which sent out a pungent odor over her nose and mouth, she saw two men emerge from behind tropical bushes in front of her. And, as consciousness left her, she believed one of those men to be Manuel de Costa, the hotel-keeper from Saranosa!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Guilt and Deceit.

IT WAS not very long after Adora had lost consciousness and been rapidly spirited away into the jungle, wrapped in a smothering cloak, that the car of Carlos and his attendant appeared. Carlos bent in the jungle track and came swiftly towards the house. By that time Luis had returned to the building hurriedly and found his sister, who—at his entry—looked up from a book and flung out a question which sug-

gested there was a fountain of knowledge.

"Da Costa has managed it!" "Beautifully, and just in the very nick of time, Conchita mia. Carlos is about to arrive. He would you believe it?—Carlos and she were being married this afternoon."

"Married? Never!" "Conchita" stared, and her brother added:

"She told me so. And it must be true, for he has a priest in his car with him. So, you see, I only just laid my plans with Da Costa in time. And now . . . I can hear Carlos in the pain. Be careful, sister. We act as we have already decided."

The call of Carlos cut into his hurried and subdued words. Carlos was calling Adora by name; but, of course, no answer came. And, in a moment, both Conchita and her brother came hurrying out to him, surprise and interest on their faces.

"You are calling for Adora?" Conchita exclaimed, wide-eyed. "Yes—she isn't here."

"Not here?" Carlos gasped. "Why, no. . . . It was Luis who spoke in his sister's voice. 'Adora—we have not seen Adora since you left here this morning. Conchita and I quite thought she had gone into Saranosa with you to arrange about her passage home.'"

"Passage home?" echoed Carlos impatiently. "But of course, you would not know. Adora has cancelled that passage home. She has decided to stay here—as my wife. I have brought here Father Ignatius to marry us . . ."

He indicated in a gesture the gray-haired and ascetic man standing beside him in the long robes of a priest. Meantime, the anxiety of Carlos was all for Adora.

"You say that you have not seen Adora since I left?" he asked, after a long pause to understand how that could be. "Are you positive?"

"Carlos dear!" Conchita urged prettily. "Why should we say what was not true? At first, after you had gone in the car and we did not see or hear anything

of Adora, we were a little surprised. Then Luis said she must surely have gone with you. And—she did not!"

"She did not. So—if she is not here, Carlos can have happened to her? Where can she have gone, and—why?"

"He guessed as to them both. 'Have you two been making mischief again between her and me?' Luis asked him. 'While Luis on his part adopted one of injured innocence. 'Why should you say such a thing as that, Carlos?' the latter demanded."

"Because, from what she has told me, you tried to do so before, for reasons of your own. And I have no faith—in you especially, Luis. You have the best of reasons for trying to come between Adora and me. In the presence of the priest, Carlos could not say more at the moment. The priest, looking on at this scene with gravely distrust, threw up his hands in his smooth and soothing voice, a suggestion."

"It is not possible that the senorita has wandered into the jungle alone!" he exclaimed.

"She was not in the habit of going into the jungle, father," replied Carlos, puzzled and by now quite distraught. "I warned her against doing so—alone, because of snakes and—just as poisonous things in human beings. This is terrible. If she has been away all these hours, I must come to see why, or where. At least, first of all, we will search the house."

"Conchita and I did that this morning, when we noticed her to be missing," said Luis. "Still, if you wish to satisfy yourself Carlos was already away on his own, hunting her, searching there, finding—ourselves to understand Adora herself. All that remained of her to tantalize his aching eyes and make his heart heavy with anguish was to be seen in the first half of the atmosphere of which there still clung the faint and fragrant per-

fume she used. Here, in delicate disorder, her personal effects lay about. Her frocks, stockings, dainty lingerie.

Adora alone was missing, a stupendous mystery of which Carlos could make nothing. From searching the house, he took to searching the jungle, with hordes of natives from his estate to assist. Night fell, and still the search continued in the moonlight, without the slightest effect. It was dawn before, haggard and white as death, Carlos had to admit defeat.

Vainly the soothing voice of Father Ignatius, who too had joined in the hunt, urged Carlos to believe that providence would allow no harm to come to her. "Then, if she is safe, father, where can she have gone—and why?" Carlos cried brokenly.

"She loved me. I was looking forward to a life of wonderful happiness. I left her here this morning, seemingly longing for the moment when you would arrive."

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rive and our simple little wedding would take place. And then—so soon as my back is turned, it seems, for some inexplicable reason—she vanishes."

"The minds of women are indeed difficult to read, my son!" the priest reminded him. "Perhaps, in spite of her seeming eagerness, she became afterwards afraid. Women are often like weathercocks, turned by the slightest fresh wind, especially if they are highly-strung and nervous."

"But—even if she had changed her mind—what need was there for her to disappear like this, leaving no word behind her? To whom could she go, anyhow? She had no friend here. And she had one terrible experience of wandering alone to Saranosa—"

Here Carlos paused, a sudden inspiration came into his mind, and he rose to his feet, his face set grimly as he turned to the priest.

"It may be that, after all,

father?" he said. "I do know of one person who might be the cause of this, the only person—apart from ourselves here—who knows she was staying at my house. The hotel-keeper, da Costa, at Saranosa. He molested her once before, and I have always had it in mind that he might do so again. That was one reason why I warned her not to go alone into the jungle. He may have been watching his chance, caught her alone, and kidnapped her."

Luis, standing by, exchanged glances with Conchita, which neither Carlos nor the priest saw. Luis had not imagined that Carlos would suspect the very person concerned, but Luis was not afraid on that account. He indicated, however, a point Carlos seemed to have overlooked.

"I was round and about the place at the time you left yesterday, Carlos. I saw no one anywhere. Besides, if Adora had been

(Continued on Page 21)

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SMITH'S WIFE—By Howard Dwight Smiley

"WEALTH!" snorted Bagley, kicking a thousand-dollar sack of gold-dust under his foot. "Wealth!" he repeated, in a tone of voice you used the day you went fishing and it rained.

"What's consuming you?" I inquired.

"There ain't anything consuming me, and—nice versa," he answered, cross as a bear in a trap.

"Vice Versa," said I, "who's he?"

"He," answered Bag, in his rainy-day voice, "is a good thing about he? If you only understood the simple rudiments of the American tongue, you'd know that vice versa means the other way. There ain't anything consuming me and I ain't consuming anything—that's fit to eat."

"Oh," said I taking my feet off the stove, "if, by that, you mean to infer that I'm eating the where-all to do with. That's what I'm kicking about."

"Look at that," continued pointing at the sacks of gold-dust that were piled up against the wall like cord wood. "Wealth, wealth beyond the dreams of John D. Avarice! But what good is it doing us, I'd like to know? Why, there is enough gold stacked up against that wall to eat with the ham and eggs in York State, if we were only there."

"Well, that's consoling, ain't it?" I said. "We're going to eat for three just as soon as Smith gets back with that pack team. In the mean time, let's put ourselves and have some of this."

"Beans!" he answered, out of his mouth, with both lips pushing. "Do you think that I am made for it to eat beans? I want some pie and some milk that is out of a real cow, made of a tin one, and I want some coffee to put it in. I've been thinking in these daze of all winter, shoveling, drilling, blasting, and washing, and I ain't all on beans. Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner, beans for supper, et cetera, till I am hanged to look the bean sack in the face. It's pie I'm hankering

for now. Do you understand? Pie!"

"Well, I reckon you can have some," said I, "a sweet, feminine voice, coming from nowhere in particular and most any old place in general."

There may be a few things left in this mundane sphere that can stir up my cerebro excitant enough to cause a period of momentary aberration, and that was one of them. When I come to it, I was on my feet with a .45 Colt in one hand and the frying-pan in the other; Bag was under the table, and in the doorway was

Try and imagine my feelings; there was Bag and me in the middle of the seven Devils, with the free and independent State of Idaho stretched all around us, and not another living soul within a hundred miles of that, we knew of; and there was Bag hankering out loud for pie, when, suddenly, out of the midst of the solution, the female angel came and says: "Well, I reckon you can have some."

"Would you mind," I asked, as soon as I could get my voice back into my mouth, "telling an anxious inquirer where in the hotel you dropped down from?"

"Where," she answered. "I've got your pack team here. I'm home."

"His wife?" I asked. "Who's he?"

"Why, Mr. Smith, of course, who'd you suppose. I was getting beyond that. Oh," said I, "Smith and I were married in Weiser three weeks ago, and started for camp together."

"He broke his leg about three days ago," said I, "and I've been here ever since. I've got him fixed up nice and comfortable with plenty to eat and my Bible, so he won't get lonesome. He said for me to tell you to pack up and start back, just as soon as ever you could."

"I'm home," said I, thinking of the Bible. "Give me time as I can reconcile myself to most conditions, but the idea of my leaving that breathe a Bible to keep him from getting lonesome but my fiancée with a whack that I wanted to just double up the only Bible that ever ap-

pealed to Smith was the one that he carried habitually, in his inside vest pocket. It consisted of fifty-two pages, put together on the loose-leaf system, with thirteen illustrations, including the Joker.

Still, that was my credential. The fact that Smith was wedded to a lady who could induce him to remain alone in the wilds and fastnesses of the Seven Devils, with nothing but a broken leg and a Bible for company, came sufficient in itself to convince me that she must be all right.

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "We'll be packed up and under way the first thing in the morning."

"All right; and if you'll build me in that stove I'll bake that pie," she said to Bag.

"Well, I'll be damned," he answered, or words to that effect, and I wasn't blaming him neither.

"Sir," said she, with her nose on a bias, "I took you for a man."

"Well, what do you take me for now?" he asked. "A piece of cheese?"

"That'll go better with pie than your conversation will with a lady," she retorted.

"You shut up and get busy with that fire. You're going to get what you've been hankering for now," said I to Bag, and went out to look at the pack team.

Bag and I slept under the stars that night, giving Mrs. Smith the privacy of the shack. We were up bright and early, and while Bag and I packed the gold and the rest of her belongings on the mules, Mrs. Smith got breakfast.

While we were eating it she went over to her pack and dug out a quart bottle of whiskey. "I don't think I ought to let you drink a parting toast to the camp," said she. "He wanted to bring more, but I wouldn't let him."

"Didn't he keep any for himself?" I asked.

"My husband can't drink whiskey and be a husband!" "But in a good old sink, ain't he?" remarked, thinking of the Bible.

Bag emptied his coffee out and reached for the bottle.

"The moment has arrived," said he. "That I have looked forward to for many long and anxious months. I came to these parts a lone and unaccompanied stranger; I am leaving them rich beyond the dreams of old Croesus. Fill up," said he, passing the bottle to Mrs. Smith.

"Thank you," she answered, "I never indulged; I'll drink mine in coffee."

So Bag and I filled our cups and he continued:

"Old shack," said he, with his eyes on the rafters, "as I love you enough and smoke enough and shelter me, that have no long shivered me and mine comrades, and which I am now leaving alone, forever, a feeling akin to

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(Continued from Double Page)

serious cigarette stores—in fact, at all kinds of tradespeople in the West End. That was before she came of age, and then when she was in court for what she owed, and her father, the Duke, had to settle up for a large sum to prevent her being made a bankrupt.

In this house I am writing about, Lady Dorothy began to gamble heavily. She had varying luck. The games were run straightly enough and there were nights when she won a good deal. Those gambling halls of the West End of London like people only encourage the individual to go on and lose more in the long run, but they tell their friends of their wonderful luck and lead to more clients coming along.

But there came a time when the Duke's daughter had a bad spell. Even her normally baby face, with its amazingly fresh, rosy complexion, began to take on a worried look. She borrowed right and left; she raised money by pawning jewelry that her father had given her; and by the old trick of having initiation stuff made to take the place of the genuine articles on which she had obtained loans of considerable sums.

One night at this gambling den she lost some \$2,500 in an hour or so. She gave a check for her losses.

Then there came a time when she found herself right up against it. She had no more jewelry she could pledge; she could give away more clothes as her bank account was already heavily overdrawn. She was sitting at the roulette table where, in a last desperate plunge, she had put a one hundred pound check on a number and it had failed. She sat back giving vent to an oath that was more fitted for a stableman than the daughter of a ducal family.

Beside her at the table was a man of about thirty. This man she knew very well. He is the son of an enormously wealthy Argentine cattle dealer. His father owns ranches bigger than the whole of England. The son had come over to graduate at Oxford University and he had stayed on ostensibly to buy pedigree cattle for his father and to deal in Argentine ponies for polo. He is still one of the best known players at Hurlingham or Ramblers, which are the Meadowbrooks of England.

When he saw that Lady Dorothy was cleaned out, he very quietly slipped around to the pile of chips amounting in all to \$500.

Let me tell you that to bring your luck back, as he said, is a very common practice not only at places like Monte Carlo or Deauville but at gambling houses in London. There are in fact quite a number of women of what I would describe as the

"Just between" type (well dressed, well connected, but with not a cent and ready to pick up a few odd pounds where they can and how they can) who manage to get quite a fair living out of the gambling most of them, I remember, in fact, being in the Casino at Deauville one night when she was in court for what she owed, and her father, the Duke, had to settle up for a large sum to prevent her being made a bankrupt.

Beside him was Lady he did not know. He had never in fact seen her before. Yet he turned toward her at one stage and said: "You seem to be bringing me luck. If I win three millions (he meant francs, which made about \$120,000) I'll give you a million." What is more, he actually did. He cleaned out the bank and then he walked out, leaving everyone around him crowded near the table to watch his play. The man who had watched him eagerly then the lady to whom he had made the promise. And then, when he had raked in his third million francs, he quite suddenly walked out, leaving the one-third of it to this perfect stranger, got up, bade her "good night" and walked out the Casino.

There are, as I say, any number of women who get into the habit of either being given or taking a slice of checks from some man near them and going on to play with them. They have had taste to ask one of the cleverest takers that he does to repay the cheerful giver she would not doubt that the man did not mind, but she expressed any return that it was not money, anyway, but merely markers.

Of course, that is just sophistry. A man in a gambling house is exactly the same as a gambler because it can be instantly lost. He is not a man, rich or poor, does not have a wife and children, "make a tramp's Christmas tree of himself" just for the sake of a few francs. He expects something in return and usually gets it.

To return to Lady Dorothy: That pile of chips for \$500 was the straw that the drowning person clutched at. She saw the chance of winning back her losses.

She said, "I'll give you an I. O. U. for it in a moment."

Then she played with the borrowed money. She won several hundred dollars for a start. Then she lost again. In about half an hour she had not a cent left.

When she saw that what had happened, the Argentine man, swarthy of countenance and smiling over his slightly to a set of very white teeth, once he had pushed another \$500, this time without a word. The temptation was too much for the lady and she went back to the gambling table. She played until she had lost her last dollar.

again on single numbers and on "transversals," the lines which bring up odds on the Continent of 12 to 1, but where she paid only 11 to 1 in England. Luck was not her way. In a very short time she was cleaned out. She followed the rest and she stood \$1,000 in the debt of the man from Brazil.

At last she rose. So did the Argentine. They came together and so far as my first-hand knowledge of what happened at Monte Carlo, the end of it. But at the Little Club I heard the sequel a few days later and I am going to tell to you just as I know for certain it happened.

Outside the actual gaming room, Lady Dorothy and the Argentine man discussed her I. O. U., she said.

"Oh I say, don't worry about that," said the Argentine. "I'm sure you'll get your money back with a gesture as to what it is all about. I know you, Dorothy. We know each other. Are we not? Do not let us talk about it any more tonight. Let's forget it. Let's have some luck with me tonight. I'll give you a check for the money you owe me."

There was just a moment's hesitation on the Argentine man's part. I suppose that the training he had received at an English university and in living in London was struggling inside him with the better feelings of a man of a Latin race. He stood for a few seconds facing the hostess of the South American club, who had by her own excuse, put herself into the false position of visiting his room. He was apparently he saw he was up against a good time and he decided to deal with it.

He bowed, and ushered her out of his room and his flat.

I was told that the money was paid by her father. Shortly after that Lady Dorothy passed out of the West End of London for a long time and I have heard that she had gone to live abroad. But, by a curious coincidence, only a few days before I came down to write this chapter about gambling houses and dens in London, I saw a notice of her engagement in the society papers.

The subject, that Lady Dorothy got off much more easily and happily than a good many other women know about who are nightly frequenters of the luxurious salons of London's West End gambling houses.

No one, unless they know the interior of those places and all that goes on in the undercurrent of London's night life, has any idea how many toils of all

man making a fool of himself and of her. So she accompanied the Argentine man to his apartment. Naturally, I don't know the details of what happened there. But it came to this: The Argentine man had told Lady Dorothy how much he admired her. This was so far as he was concerned. "If only you would let me be your friend, if only for instance, you would just permit me a little kiss... let us forget this twenty business of the thousand dollars..."

I dare say that was about the only time in her rather worthless life that Lady Dorothy knew she was taking up a firm stand about anything. She rose promptly to her feet.

"One thousand dollars," she told him, "is a lot of money to me at present. Much more than I know it is to you. But I put a far bigger value on what you are saying than that figure. So please, Mr. C., will you show me downstairs and I shall ask my father to send you a check for the money."

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No one, unless they know the interior of those places and all that goes on in the undercurrent of London's night life, has any idea how many toils of all

kinds haunt the gambling houses. That gambling may cause a woman to lose that which she should value above everything else has been recognized for ages. Once caught by the gambling fever a woman becomes more reckless than a man. This madness of the fair sex was illustrated long ago by the famous old English artist, William Hogarth, in his painting called "The Lady's Last Stake," now in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York.

This old painting is something of a problem picture, for while its general meaning is clear, there is room for a good deal of speculation about the details. The lady is evidently of high rank, as shown by her dress and surroundings. She has been playing cards with a young man, and they have been thrown aside. He is leaning toward her in great excitement, holding a left hand to his heart, while with his right he thrusts a jewel case toward her. The usual supposition is that she has put up her jewels as a stake and lost them, and that he is offering to return them to her if she will yield to him. It is a situation that happens at least as often at Monte Carlo and Deauville today as in Hogarth's time.

There are men and women who make quite good incomes by introducing wealthy people to places where they can have a flutter. You must not imagine that those louts are shady characters, all of them. There are dashing countesses and women of all ages in society circles who make it a regular practice. They draw a commission from the owner of the gambling house for each guest they introduce.

On the other hand, there are both men and women of less than questionable repute who use this kind of work as a means which will lead to eventual blackmail. They will take their victim first to quite a modest and thoroughly respectable bridge club where the stakes are limited to say 25 cents a hundred and where the maximum that any one is likely to lose is perhaps \$25 in a night. Then, having won the seeds of the gambling desire, they will suggest one evening that "we might take a look in at So and So's and watch the chemistry, or the beca-"

Next week I will tell how the hundertrees, both hot and cold, behaved when faced unexpectedly by the most famous lover of this generation.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

BABY SPECIAL

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Lava Low—by Lucz Castello

(Continued from Page 22)

while, since Don Luis did not know where the senorita had been taken, do Costa felt himself to be completely safe. He became immensely nervous, respectful, guarded as well in his words. There must be some mistake. Why should the hideous suggestion that I know how any senorita disappeared?

"Because," replied Don Carlos, "she is the senorita whom I removed when you were under the impression she was away from you. You, no doubt, remember the occasion?"

"I do," do Costa answered after reflection. The senorita, who was dressed as a boy.

"Do Costa...," Don Carlos looked large and imposing, a grating man. "The senorita has disappeared. I know of no one here who could have abducted her, excepting yourself. Either you confessed to having abducted her and hidden her away, either—having confessed to that—you have her back to me, safe and sound, or—I use the thumb-screw, do Costa. Within an hour I will have her, or she will be driven off this island, stripped to the bone, when we will see where you deposit her. Do you have death waits for you?"

"Don Carlos," said do Costa, spreading out his feet, his eyes gleaming with fright. "How can I confess, when I am in a bind? I have nothing to do with this disappearance. I am innocent."

"You lie. Who else could have done this thing?"

"Hiding," do Costa said. "Please to wait. What your excellency tells me explains nothing—perhaps."

"The story of el Capitan Diego," do Costa said, "is a story of a man who has found clothing of a woman in his boat this morning when he was putting to sea at dawn. It was, so I heard el capitan saying, the wife of a white woman of the wealthy class. Perhaps the hideous would care to speak with me to hand this matter? He is even now taking lunch."

Don Carlos was frankly puzzled. The cleverness of do Costa did not escape him. There was a gleam of guilt showing in this cunningly masked face. Do Costa added a most piece of advice.

"This story of el capitan may, of course, have nothing to do with the senorita," he said, shrugging. "But, if it is not, the worst for me. The

abducted as you say, surely she must have screamed out, and we must have heard! But—I never heard anything."

"Nor did I, Carlos," assented Conchita.

"All the same," said Carlos, "I am going down to Saranra to see do Costa. At the same time, I will take you back. We moved when you were under the impression she was away from you. You, no doubt, remember the occasion?"

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the long absence they were facing? Lightly, she wished him good luck—simply extended her hand. And then, mysteriously, she found herself in his arms.

"I can't—Peggy—I can't," Jim was murmuring, as his lips creased into a smile that was as much for her heart, that they would go together.

Once she had not been fair Peggy had spent many sleepless and unhappy hours because of the yellow skin, the hideous monotony of her coloring. And then she had discovered that she was a type—a type which Pompeian included in their study of making women beautiful.

She learned to sheathe her skin in a mysterious veil of Pompeian Beauty Powder (Rachet tint) and cleverly to place Pompeian Bloom (a rouge in Orange tint) where it would bring out the best of her complexion. She heightened the luster of her ash-blond hair. Then, the new, indestructible Pompeian lipstick brought living colors to the lips which Jim found irresistible.

They could feel the pounding of her heart as the moment came to say good-bye. Jim had seemed so quiet all evening... could he, too, be dreading the long absence they were facing? Lightly, she wished him good luck—simply extended her hand. And then, mysteriously, she found herself in his arms.

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and
Kills Germs

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DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 23)

hidalgo suspects me. Well, perhaps he has good reason to do that, and yet he is wrong to do so. The hidalgo has no in his power. He can do as he has threatened to do, and I can say nothing. But, since I vow nothing about the senorita, nor will the punishment of her get her back to the hidalgo?"

"I will see Diego Vendez," declared Don Carlos, turning to fling wide the office door. "Take me to him."

Diego Vendez, typical officer of police, was not a man whom Don Carlos liked. But he knew nothing against him. Indeed, more than once Vendez had been extremely useful to him. On the other hand, it was clear at once that when confronted by Don Carlos and the hotelkeeper, the police captain recognized that respect was due to the former. He rose, saluting, looking surprised to be so interrupted.

"You are in some trouble, Don Carlos?" he questioned instantly, alert to be of assistance.

Don Carlos mentioned the finding of a woman's clothes in a native boat. The police captain looked startled.

"It is surely not the clothing of the senorita?" he asked. "The frock, at any rate, has an ugly, less name—"

"Can I see it at once?" Don Carlos demanded, a chill of fear and horror running through him.

The captain protested acquiescence. He would take Don Carlos at once to his office. His lunch could wait. This finding of a woman's clothes was very dis-

troubling. It looked as if she must have thrown herself in the sea... So he went on talking as they made for his office.

Arrived there, Don Carlos needed only to look at the frock Adora had been wearing it that morning when he kissed her good-by before going to Saranosa to fetch the priest...

And—Adora? At the time when Don Carlos was looking down on her water-soaked frock, which had been found lying in the bottom of a native fishing boat, Adora was where she had been ever since her forcible abduction—a room high up in a house on the outskirts of Saranosa, a house which itself was high and overlooking the town and bay, if you glanced through one window. If you looked through the opposite one, you had a view of the sea towards the grim sight of the silent Pallaorosa.

The window were barred; and, even if they had not been, the drop was too great for any hope of escape, in shadow. The house itself stood a steep garden, and was distinctly isolated. There seemed no possibility of attracting the attention of passers-by.

No one near the house but a few people who looked after her—looting either good or bad. She was insufferably lonely, and her heart hungered for a sight of Carlos. She wondered eternally how he was bearing her disappearance what he was doing to recover her. To distract her mind, and to while away the slow-moving hours she read some Spanish books she found in the room, or played patience with a pack of cards which someone had used till they were nearly worn out.

She knew that five days had passed since her capture and imprisonment here, and the time had now come when the loneliness, the lack of happenings, her craving for Carlos, were driving her nearly mad. She had tried vainly to persuade the man Jaime, to talk to her, if only for a little company and to keep her thoughts from the terrible position in which she found herself.

At first, he had refused to speak. Gradually, however, after a glance downstairs to make sure that the toothless old woman was not near enough to her, he had unbent.

Tonight, bringing her the usual evening meal, quite well cooked and cleanly served, he

seemed disinclined to speak to her at all, refused entirely to hear any questions she asked, and only went out one at a time, the other retaining a strict guard over her. For the rest, the food was good, and the room quite comfortably furnished. Nobody so far, since she had found herself here, had offered to molest her in any way.

Nor had she seen any sign of the hateful da Costa. Indeed, Adora began to believe that she had been mistaken in imagining he had anything to do with her abduction. It was probably, she told herself, a matter for which Luis Mendez was responsible. And, speaking generally, Adora was not in such tremendous fear for her own personal safety as she might have been.

She had an intense faith in Carlos, and his power to release her. She felt somehow positive that he would discover her whereabouts before very long. She told herself that he would succeed Luis knowing what he did. He would have Luis watched. He would, if everything else failed, have the police search every house in Saranosa in order to find her. Meaning the hours passed day became night, night turned into day, with nothing happening either good or bad. She was insufferably lonely, and her heart hungered for a sight of Carlos.

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had lingered for a considerable time, talking. Maria was out, he explained later, so he might spare a minute or two. But he must make haste, for his uncle was expected during the evening.

"And who is—your uncle, Jaime?" Adora asked him, aware that her beauty had softened him, and if she played her cards carefully, might make him her friend.

He laughed. "You'll see, little one. He's had to do with putting you here, and he's coming to see how you're getting on. And, before he comes here—which may be at any minute—I'll say this to you, pretty bird. I'm sorry for you. You don't at all like the business of looking after you here. I am of two minds—"

He broke off, went to the half-open door and leaned out, peering and listening into the darkness. Adora glanced up with hope and courage. Easier than she had imagined, this man was being influenced. He might be induced to help her escape and get back to Carlos, as he turned from the door, she leaned towards him.

"You will only be my friend and help me—?" she was saying when he gestured for her to wait. A scared expression in his eyes, speaking under his breath in his native Spanish.

"Be quiet, little fool. There are steps of the stairs, and not a woman's step either. It is my uncle. I must not seem to have been imagined. This man was being influenced. He might be induced to help her escape and get back to Carlos, as he turned from the door, she leaned towards him.

He began abruptly and rudely to shout to her not to long over her meal and so keep him from going like she was fond of doing, or so at least he put it when approaching footsteps grew loud on the stairs, and the door was flung wide. And then Adora realized who the uncle

He was, after all, da Costa, who gestured abruptly to Jaime, to leave them alone, close the door as the other went, and faced Adora grinning from ear to ear.

"So, little white pet," he chuckled. "This time it is not Don Carlos to come between you and your Manuel, who can make things pleasant or unpleasant for you, just as you choose to be kind or unkind to him."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Easy Summer Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Eggs, Long Beach Style.

MIX 1 cup condensed tomato soup, ¾ cup cold water, 1 cup stale bread crumbs, ¼ cup left-over cooked vegetable, and 1 tablespoon onion juice. Pour this mixture into a greased baking dish. Break 6 eggs carefully and slip on top of this mixture. Sprinkle with a few grains pepper and about ¼ teaspoon salt. Sprinkle with ¾ cup grated cheese and bake in a hot oven at about 400 degrees, until eggs are set. Garnish with a crisp sprig of parsley.

Italian Spaghetti.

COOK ½ pound spaghetti in boiling water until tender. Drain and mix with 2 ounces of grated American or Parmesan cheese. When cheese is melted drizzle the following sauce and serve immediately.

Sauce: Heat ¼ cup salad oil and in it cook 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper and 1 finely chopped onion. Add 2 cups strained stewed tomatoes and 2 teaspoons sugar. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Continue cooking gently until onions and peppers are tender and sauce is thick.

Veal Loaf.

PRESS 3 pounds lean veal through food chopper. Add ½ pound salt pork that has been passed through food chopper. Mix well and add 6 or 8 crackers, broken and rolled, ½ cup thick cream, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ tablespoon parsley and a few drops onion juice. Pack in a small bread pan, smooth evenly, brush with egg white, and bake slowly 3 hours, basting with ¼ cup pork fat. Prick the loaf three times during baking so that fat may be absorbed.

Sauce Bearnaise (Delicious with Steak, Cakes, Etc.).

WASH ½ cup butter until smooth and creamy. Drain off water and divide in three equal parts. Put 1 piece in a saucepan with 1 tablespoon lemon juice or ½ tablespoon vinegar and 2 egg yolks. Stir constantly over hot water until smooth and creamy. Add second piece of butter and stir constantly until smooth and creamy again. Add third piece of butter and remove from heat. Add a few grains pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh tarragon. The parsley and tarragon may be omitted, if desired.

Chicken Gumbo.

DRESS, clean and cut up a chicken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and brown delicately in salt pork fat. Cook 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion in fat remaining in pan. Add 1 quart sliced, ¼ red pepper, finely chopped, and cook slowly about 15 minutes. Add to the chicken, 1 ½ cups strained tomato pulp, 3 cups boiling water and 2 teaspoons salt. Cook slowly until chicken is tender. Then add 1 cup boiled rice.

Parisian Cheese Salad.

BATHE cream cheese until smooth, adding a little cream as needed. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add a little finely shredded crisp lettuce. With buttered puffins form into small balls. Four over French dressing and over all Bar le Duc currents.

Chicken Liver.

(New Orleans Style). CUT livers in four pieces each. Have ready small pieces of thin bacon. Alternate pieces of liver and pieces of bacon on small skewers, allowing 1 liver and 4 or 5 pieces of bacon for each serving. One skewer is served to each person. Place skewers in upright position on stick in dripping pan. Cook livers will be basted with drippings from pan. Bake until liver until bacon is crisp. Garnish with watercress.

Raspberry Ice.

PICK over and wash 1 quart raspberries. Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar, cover and let stand in refrigerator 2 hours. Strain, sieve, add 1 cup water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Freeze.

Lemon Cream Sherbet.

MIX 1 ½ cups sugar and ½ cup lemon juice. Add gradually 2 cups scalded and chilled milk and 2 cups thin cream. Add a few grains salt. Freeze.

Coffee Ice Cream.

SCALD 2 cups milk with ½ cup freshly ground coffee. Strain. Mix 2 cups cream, 1 cup flour and 1 cup sugar and add 1 slightly beaten egg. Blend with the strained coffee. Boil over hot water for 20 minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Cook, add 1 quart cream and freeze. The cream may be beaten until stiff before combining with the custard.



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DO YOU KNOW THAT The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Gadgets for Gardeners!

HAS any painter done a portrait of "The Woman With the Hoe"? I wonder! Certainly if she were pictured as she appears in this gay garden magazine of 1931, she would bear no likeness to the women, say, in "The Reapers" or similar landscapes by natural artists.

Women who are garden-minded have decided that while they spade and weed and hoe they shall nevertheless appear as fresh and as charming as if they were one of their own colorful flowers. The era of ugly wrappers, cutoff slippers and "anything will do for garden work" is gone, and gone utterly, like everything else, both the garden and its owner have stepped up with the times, and we find a vast array of fascinating gadgets and garments specially designed for the feminine gardener.

Being a very amateur gardener myself, I am going to tell about some of these gadgets which I have recently seen, many of which I have tested with long use, and all of which I know will make work more comfortable, easier, or greater in outdoor enjoyment.

Of course, almost everyone knows about the short-length handled sets for women—the hoe, the spade, the potato fork, the rake—each of sturdy construction, but with a shorter and lighter handle, which thus allows weeding and all the other garden chores to be done with less manual effort. I have used such work garden tools for a half-dozen seasons and quite literally can't do without them.

Now for the short-range garden tasks, the close approach to weeds and delicate plants, where only the hand-trowel, the fork or the dibble will turn the trick. Here the gardener has to keep—and why not do it more pleasantly? A kneeling pad, used just for this purpose is the main unit of the first-aid to garden comfort. It looks like a piece of dust-pat, but is made of a rubberized, damp-proof material which insures dry knees in spite of June showers. It is thickly padded, too, so that hand-weeding or troweling is robbed of all its terrors.

Best of all for the sensitive feminine worker, it comes in pretty shades of green, rose, blue, tan—yes, even in a rainbow effect.

In the garden, as well as in the kitchen, a good motto is: "A place for everything and everything in its place." One excellent means to this end is to use a basket for holding all the small tools, pruning shears, etc., which are in daily use. Of course one may fit out any small outfit market-basket, but there is a special garden basket all fitted and ready with trowel, cultivator, fork and shears, the above mentioned kneeling pad, and 13 garden markers for indicating flower names.

Some women say they can never work with gloves on, and I admit I fall in this class myself. I like to handle plants and earth direct, and feel clumsy when I try to work with gloves. However, I found out this was because I wore the wrong unsuitable gloves. The average cheap white cotton glove is too large and badly shaped to permit flexible finger work. But I saw some unusual gloves this Spring, a glorified pair of work-gloves, but narrow and better seamed in the fingers, and boasting gauntlets of gay cretans in either red and yellow, blue and orange, or other attractive trimmings.

I think that perhaps the chief worry of the woman gardener is keeping her hair tidy while bending, stooping, and working in the garden. So to wear a man's cap, turned peak-backwards. It was efficient, but why! The typical cheap copy of the Mexican sombrero may be useful in some cases, but it is often too floppy for practical wear in the garden. Once I became restless and purchased a Chinese coolie hat, wide as a parson and complete with hanging queue. But alas, I think one must be born to wear such a hat, for while it gave excellent shade, stay on my head it would not. Then I used a white tennis cap of duck, such as the "globe" wear, but that too, was unsatisfactory.

Now I have found the hat—the perfect garden hat—or, I had better say, shade protection. For this hat is only a brim—a brim much like the tennis shade that women tennis stars use. It is made of a tight straw, covered with gray colored plastic which matches the garden gloves. It slips over the hair, ties in the back, and while shading the eyes from glare, it allows the head to stay cool. Of course one may tuck a large leaf from a dock-plant over one's hair, in the proverbial fashion, but with this garden brim nothing more is necessary.

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is being offered a wide choice of hose fixtures and sprinklers. Some revolve, some cast a full fountain over choice flowers, but whatever they do, they each must be attached to a water connection. And that means a faucet for the garden. And it is of these I would speak. Why endure an ugly common faucet when you may have them shaped like a duck, a turtle, a squirrel or even a Scottie? The faucets are of brass and nickel-plated and the garden who constantly robs it of its nutriment, and who so crowd up the grass and soil that honest and less vigorous plants don't get a chance to live. Here's the best weapon I've seen. It consists of a slim hollow brass rod with a pointed tip. Four or five drops of an oil-soluble fluid into the heart of this rod, push the rod down with all the force you can muster right over the racketeering weed—and presto—the villain weed just shrivels up and dies.

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WET GAS
slows up any car



** dry*
TEXACO-ETHYL
speeds up every car

*
Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. Wet gas vaporizes only in part. Wet gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crank case dilution and wasted power. Dry gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.



LISTEN

—and for perfect lubrication, use
"CRACK-PROOF".

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

DRIVING with wet gas is like driving with the choke partly out. The choke floods the manifold — wet gas floods the cylinders. Either way you get sluggish, hesitating power. No car will give its best with the choke out — no car can be expected to deliver its utmost with wet gas.

Only a *dry** gas can vaporize and burn completely. Texaco-Ethyl is the *dry** Ethyl Gasoline. It yields

every ounce of its knockless power where you want it—at the cylinders.

Find out for yourself the difference between *dry** gas and wet. Today stop at any Texaco Service Station. Fill up with a tankful of *dry** Texaco-Ethyl. You will feel a new surge of power and energy that is always yours with *dry** Texaco-Ethyl.

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DRY + ETHYL = DRY
TEXACO + COMPOUND = TEXACO-ETHYL

THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE

